National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 46. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858. WHOLE NO. 930.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

CLERICAL INTOLERANCE REBUKED.

From The Journal of Commerce.

SELDOM has any man, clergyman or layman, received a more severe or better merited rebuke than that administered by Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Brooklyn, to a clerical correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer*. This writer, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, in a miscellaneous communication to that paper, devoted some space to the merits of the late Dr. Kane; but, while paying a fitting tribute to his memory and virtues, went out of his way to assail the lamented father of that distinguished man, in language coarse and unbecoming a Christian minister, as well as unjust to the subject of his animadversion. The following is the closing paragraph:

"Last week, Judge Kane, the pro slavery father of the Arctic hero, breathed his last. Posterity will pronounce different verdicts on parent and son. The one will be remembered for having opened the Circumpolar Sea to the world. The other for having shut up Passmore Williamson."

This poor attempt at wit, on a very serious subject, would be sufficiently objectionable, even if Judge Kane had really been deserving of the censure which the writer seeks to convey. But when directed towards the memory of *one of the purest men and most devoted Christians ever honoured with a seat on the judicial bench*, it becomes positively disgraceful.

The rebuke administered by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Brooklyn, who is known as one of the ablest and most consistent ministers in the denomination to which Mr. Cuyler belongs, must, we should think, lead the Rev. gentleman to regret the unfortunate error into which he has been led by his political prejudices. The following are extracts:

"MR. EDITOR: My attention has been drawn to a most unfeeling remark in 'T. L. C.'s' letter in last week's paper, where he speaks of the late Judge Kane. The *animus* apparent through the words is very offensive. He is giving the news of the Judge's very recent death, and cannot refrain from striking at his yet warm body, striving for epigramatic point by two puns so poor that italics are necessary to bring them out. Mr. Editor, is the fresh death of any man a fit subject for clerical wit? and, whatever might be expected from a political newspaper, or, what is worse, a religio-political sheet, should a paper like ours, devoted, I am happy to say, under your auspices, to the best interests of our people, be made the vehicle of torturing, by levity or party rancour, hearts bleeding from deep sorrow over one greatly beloved while living, and not less dear when dead? The generous of all ages, heathen as well as Christian, have considered a new-filled grave as demanding a truce, at least, from the most virulent antagonist, towards him who sleeps silently within its solemn bed. Our poet-moralist, Spencer, says:

"'Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And envy base to bark at sleeping mould.'

"Judge Kane was a Christian man, and he has gone before God, to whose hands he had committed himself as a sinner, hoping for the pardon of all his errors through Jesus Christ, and I refrain from the severity of epithet which would justly characterize an attempt to make his departure the occasion of showing off a jaunty antithesis.

* * * * * * *

"But I need no borrowed testimony to his worth and value. Judge Kane was for years one of my most intimate friends. Some (they were many) of the most delightful and profitable hours of my life were spent in his society. Their memory is very dear and fragrant to my heart. His death is one of the long shadows which makes this world less bright to me, and warns me of the darkness through which I must soon pass, to reach, I trust, a better land, where I have now far more friends than I have here. I knew him in the bosom of his family, the most tender and devoted husband, the kindest and most faithful of fathers, trusted and revered by a large circle of kindred and connections; and oh! how beloved and cherished by them all, no words of mine can tell you! Most sincerely do I hope that your paper of last week may never come under their eye; yet, as very possibly it will, I cannot, with my name as one of your special contributors printed at its head, allow the flippant slur (which else I should care little for) to pass unnoticed.

"It is not my aim to be my friend's eulogist. If it were, I could fill one or two of your columns with tributes to his memory from a multitude of papers, religious and secular, expressing their deep grief at his sudden death in the midst of his usefulness. Nor is it my wish to violate the religious decency of your columns with remarks on the one judicial act of his, which excited a party hate against him while living that now pursues him dead.

* * * * * * * * *

"I may say, without any indorsement of Passmore Williamson, that no man regretted more than I the decision which Judge Kane made on *habeas corpus* in that man's case. But I knew the Judge so well, I had learned to esteem him so much the more the more I knew him, that I never doubted his honesty for a moment. Is an accomplished gentleman, of large, elegant learning, a sincere Christian, a devoted friend of science and art and the public good, of whom a political oponent (I think) has said that he was 'a man of fine abilities, a good lawyer, a learned Judge—who, whether at the bar, on the bench, in political life or in society, never, for an instant, lost his self-possession, or was betrayed into a rude word or a display of temper'—is such a man to be deprived of the Christian charity which 'hopeth all things,' for one mistake, if it were a mistake? * * * * *

"Were Dr. Kane living, he would spurn a compliment from the man who treats with disrespect the father whom he idolized, and with whom he always agreed; but especially would he shrink with filial horror from being made the opposite point of a contrast insulting to that father's memory. I knew them both. They were worthy of each other.

"In India they pile heavy stones on the graves to keep off the jackals that would tear the flesh of the newly dead. The tomb of living rock, on the bank of the Schuylkill, in which the Arctic hero sleeps beside the father whom he venerated with all his soul, has not been so safe an asylum."

THE AFRICAN IMPORTATION SCHEME.

From The New Orleans Bee, March 16.

THE bill authorizing the importation into Louisiana of 2,500 Africans, after passing the House with little or no opposition, has been rejected in the Senate, at the close of a most violent and exciting debate, by a majority of two. The measure is, therefore, for the present, essentially defunct. Nevertheless, as it may be renewed next year, and as it inaugurates a policy towards which several of the extreme Southern States seem disposed to commit themselves, we think it but just to give a summary of the reasons assigned by those who uphold the project. We do this the more willingly as our readers, while hearing much against the scheme, have not enjoyed any opportunity of considering the arguments employed in its behalf. We, therefore, annex a summary of the report of the Senate Committee to which the bill was referred, and who reported unanimously in its favour.

The report of the Committee declares that they are fully satisfied that the bill is not in violation of the State or Federal Constitution, or of treaty stipulations, or of any law of the State. With respect to the moral principle involved in it, they argue that the condition of the negro would be greatly improved by his transfer from the barbarism of African life to the civilization of America. An emigration to the soil of Louisiana, or of any of our Southern States, would not only be a relief, but a positive blessing. It would be to them as the passing out of night to day. It would literally be a transition from the most abject servitude, intellectual darkness and moral degradation, to a condition of assured protection and comparative freedom; to a condition of labour, it is true, but one on which is ever shed the benign rays of the Christian religion.

The report contends, further, that the proposed measure is recommended by sound policy. Negro labour is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of our great staples. This species of labour is regularly advancing in price, so that it is to be feared that in a few years the purchase of a valuable slave will be unattainable, except by the wealthy, unless a supply from abroad should be procured. The consequence would be that small plantations could not be cultivated, and would be absorbed into immense estates, monopolized by a few who would possess the means of commanding the labour required for their culture. Morover, without a large increase of negro labour, millions of acres of fertile soil must remain untouched by the plough, and the rich agricultural resources of our State will be but imperfectly developed. The demand for an increased amount of labour is not confined to Louisiana. It is in many places so pressing and imperative as to set aside the ordinary conventionalities of nations. The report refers to the extended system of African importation recently inaugurated by France for her West Indian colonies, to the strong leaning of British ideas in the same direction, and to the disposition manifested by some of our sister Southern States to embark in the same policy.

The report combats the assertion that a class of indentured blacks would be a dangerous element to introduce into the midst of our slave population. The docile, tractable and subservient natures and habits of native Africans, when transferred to our soil, are notorious. They are the least disposed, of every description of our coloured population, to discontent, turbulence or insurrection. As to the disposition to be made of them when their term of service expires, the report holds the following language:

"We need say no more than that they may indenture themselves for a further time, if it should be for no longer a period than would be necessary to realize a sufficient amount of means to enable them to return to their native country or to Liberia, for the appreciation and enjoyment of the republican and Christian institutions of which government they will, in some measure, have been fitted by a temporary apprenticeship on American soil."

Finally, the report alludes to the admirable adaptation of African labour to the construction of our railroads and other works of internal improvement.

THE AFRICAN APPRENTICE BILL.

From The Baton Rouge Advocate, March 16.

BELOW will be found the famous African Apprentice bill, introduced into the House by the Hon. J. W. Taylor, of East Feliciana, which has excited so much interest for the past few days in the Senate:

AN Act to grant the authority of the State of Louisiana for the importation of free Black Labourers within this State.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana, in General Assembly convened*, That James H. Brigham and his associates be and they are hereby authorized to import into the State of Louisiana, for agricultural and other labouring purposes, twenty-five hundred free Africans: *Provided*, they shall be indentured as apprentices to labour for a term of years which the parties may agree upon between themselves—not less than fifteen years.

On motion of Gen. Simmes, this bill was yesterday postponed indefinitely by the Senate. The vote was 15 ayes; 13 nays. The mover for postponement avowed it as his fixed conviction that the proposed bill was one destined to be greatly beneficial to the South, and his motion to postpone was only from regard to friends opposed to the measure who had appealed to him to defer action until the next session, so that the matter might be thoroughly discussed by the people and the press. A lengthy debate followed, in which Messrs. Kidd, Shadburne, Ducros and others participated in behalf of the bill, and opposed by Messrs. Pearce, Defreese, Taylor and Hyams in short speeches.

Selections.

MR. ANDREW'S SPEECH UPON THE REMOVAL OF LORING.

[In the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on Friday, March 19th, the Message of the Governor announcing that he had removed Edward Greeley Loring from the office of Judge of Probate for Suffolk County having been read, and the House having been thereupon addressed by the Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, JOHN A. ANDREW, Esq., of Boston, delivered a capital *impromptu* speech, as follows:]

MR. SPEAKER, when I rose to make a motion to refer the message of his Excellency—which I thought the appropriate motion for the occasion—I did not suppose that I was to awaken the echoes of this hall by a spirited debate; much less that I, in the extreme infirmity of my own health, this morning, should find it needful to engage in one. But some of the language, and some of the thoughts, also, of the distinguished gentleman from Newburyport (Mr. Cushing) demand of me, perhaps, a single word of reply.

I have been struck with admiration at the dexterity with which the gentleman has been endeavouring to steer between his dissatisfactions and his griefs, upon the one side, and his expected exultation upon the other (laughter). As to the latter part of the message of his Excellency the Governor, if I rightly apprehend it in the reading, I shall not find anything in it with which I differ. The gentleman and myself do not misunderstand the earlier part of the address, in which, as he expresses it, "*the deed is done*": and when our friend from the Cape shouted "Amen"! amid the acclamations of the hall, I thought his voice was only the first of the hundred thousand voices which will take up the shout, and ring it, echoing and reechoing, from the hills of Berkshire to the sands of the bay.

It is no triumph, Mr. Speaker, of any party, of any faction in the Commonwealth, as the gentleman from Newburyport would lead the country to believe. It is not a triumph of passion momentarily excited by passionate emotions, even though those emotions are stirred up by just thoughts and honest purposes and correct judgments. It is the result of no momentary effort. It is the result of three years of consistent, determined, and at last successful, struggle to defend the rights and honour of our own Massachusetts—the rights and honour of one of the sovereign States of the Confederacy.

Now, at last, after three repetitions of their request by the representatives of the people, the Governor of the Commonwealth, acceding to an interpretration of the law, acceding to an interpretation of public policy—of *constitutional* public policy—with which the gentleman from Newburyport will not differ, which the gentleman from Newburyport has not and will not deny to be correct—correct in point of law, correct and true in point of constitutionality; the Constitution of the United States itself being the common arbiter of all—I say a Governor of the Commonwealth has, at last, had the courage to accomplish the deed, to vindicate the law of Massachusetts—the *constitutional* law of Massachusetts; to vindicate the policy of the Commonwealth; to assert and vindicate the will (legislatively expressed) of the people of the Commonwealth—and to establish an impassable barrier between the judicial departments of this combined, mixed government of ours, State and Federal, and thereby to aid the purpose and policy and object of that Personal Liberty act of 1855, which has just passed under the sharp criticism of the gentleman to whom I have the honour to reply. It would be extraordinary, Mr. Speaker, if, in an act of legislation combining so many particulars, and spread out through so many sections as the act of '55, there should be nothing open to just remark and criticism. But when the Governor of the Commonwealth, in obedience to the policy of that act, in obedience to the scheme and system of State administration marked out and first placed upon the statute book of the State by that act, and in obedience to the leading idea of that act, professing his allegiance to the principles admitted to be embodied and expressed in the Personal Liberty law, to the grand object of the law itself, "to preserve and protect the liberties of the people of Massachusetts"—when the Governor, from the high post of his responsibility and his power, obedient to the will of the people and obedient to the request of the Legislature, performs a high and solemn ACT, in conformity with the very letter as well as the scope and meaning and purpose of the statute, I think no member of the opposition on this floor need plume himself with any high hopes as to what is to be the policy of Massachusetts or of her Governor hereafter. I tell you that the Governor of this Commonwealth, and the Legislature of this Commonwealth, and the people of this Commonwealth, are all at one. There is one sentiment pervading this great heart of Massachusetts, and this is the sentiment of Liberty. There is one purpose which animates and inspires every heart, and that is the purpose to preserve and protect Liberty. There is one hope, and that is the hope of the final success and triumph of just judgment and sound reason over that daring conspiracy between a few Southern "fire-eaters," who, in 1850, inspired the Fugitive Slave act of that unfortunate year, and that combination of Whigs and Democrats—from the North—who found it needful to bow down as Issachar, in the prophecy, "like the strong ass," beneath the burden (laughter) which they have found, already, too heavy to bear—*already too heavy to bear*. If any gentleman on this floor expects that one single provision of that infernal statute shall ever become, for a single moment, other than hated by Massachusetts, I reply to him in the words of the poet:

"Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but our madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
While rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen."

This administration of the Federal Government—those great and splendid intellects, as well as the lesser lights that surround and support it (and in the first category, I have the happiness now, as I always have done, to acknowledge the supremacy of our friend from Newburyport)—may adhere to that Fugitive Slave bill, if they choose. They may make it a part of the policy of this administration—as it was a part of the policy of the last, which has gone down to the dust, "unwept, unhonoured and unsung"; and it was a part of the policy of that administration which immediately preceded it, and which died in the throes of its parturition (laughter). They may go on. They may achieve other triumphs, if you please, encouraged by temporary and momentary success, over the liberties of the people. They may ride rough-shod over freedom in the territories, backed up by the Supreme Court of the United States, composed of nine men, nearly all of them packed on to that bench by the Slave Power of the government—placed there, not for merit, but by reason of a preordained and predestined subserviency. They may go on; but the day of reckoning is at hand. Behind that party stalks the headsman! (Sensation.) "Because sentence is not speedily executed against an evil work, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil." But the judgment will come. We have laid our ears to-day near enough to the ground to hear the muttering thunder of its terrible reverberations. Yes, sir; and he who, in that day of the reckoning of the people, shall have held out against their voice, will only find that, like the murderer of Hamlet's father, he has been spared until the last crowning act of his own abominable tyranny

"Shall trip him, that his heel may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes."

It has been charged here to-day, sir, that this is the first act of any State Government of this Confederation aiming against the independence of the judiciary—the first instance in which any judicial officer has been ejected from his place by the hand of power, for the reason of his obedience to the dictates of his own conscientious judgment in the discharge of his duty. I take issue with my learned friend from Newburyport upon that statement of fact.

First, Mr. Speaker, it is not correct to charge that the Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk has been removed for the performance of any act coming within the range of his judicial duties. If it were true, sir, it would not be the first. I remember that while the learned gentleman from Newburyport, from that lofty seat which he illustrated both by his learning and his intellect, as well as by that stirring and powerful eloquence which always stimulates and delights us when exhibited upon this floor, was serving the government of the country in his capacity of Attorney-General of the United States—more remote than this from the scene of that action—a judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of the State of Maine was smitten down by the fiat of the Hunker Whigdom and National Democracy of the State of Maine—combined and coöperating together—for no other cause (either real or pretended) than that of passing judgment contrary to the opinion of a legislative majority. I refer to the removal from office of Judge Woodbury Davis, of Portland, in the State of Maine. That is one act—within the recollection of the moment—of the removal of a judge for the discharge of his duty; and our eloquent and able friend from Newburyport, although he found ample time, in the exercise of that diligence in which hardly a man on earth comes in competition with him, to denounce Democratic and Free Soil coalitions in Massachusetts, made for the purpose of protecting the liberties of the people—and to "crush out," by a pronunciamento issued from the office of the Attorney-General, in Washington, the coalition of Free-Soilism and Democracy, he found no time, no fit occasion, to issue any edict against that combination of Whigs and National Democrats who placed their hoofs upon the neck of Woodbury Davis, justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, whose only offence it was that he decided in favour of one Sheriff of the County of Cumberland, instead of another person claiming to be Sheriff of the same County. By means of that removal, they interjected into the office of Sheriff of that County a man whose politics were agreeable to the Federal Administration, and ejaculated out of office a man whose politics were equally disagreeable to the Federal Administration of which the distinguished gentleman from Newburyport was a member. That act was not denounced then; it has not been denounced to this day, unless the eloquent speech just made by the gentleman from Newburyport is to be considered as an act of late repentance of the omission (laughter).

I was glad to hear him proclaim his allegiance and duty as a citizen of Massachusetts. I doubt not he will always perform his duties—*unless he forgets them*, as he did in the case of Judge Davis.

I was rejoiced to have the Governor of Massachusetts put everybody in mind that he is to-day conscious of his power as Supreme Commander of all the forces of the Commonwealth; and if Nathaniel P. Banks holds on—as I pray to God he may do—for some time after the year 1858 shall have gone to the ashes of the past, so long as he remembers and determines to execute his power, I care but little what acts you place upon the statute-books of Massachusetts, or what acts you erase from them, which were drawn and passed for quite a different age than the present, and for quite a different administration than the one under which we have now the happiness to live (applause). Why, sir, we have grown more than the life-time of a generation of men since the begira of Governor Gardner (loud laughter).

Freedom, liberty, a just appreciation of the honour of the Commonwealth and the rights of the people, have taken a leap, as it were, out of the "Slough of Despond" on to the "Mountain of Deliverance." When the Sheriff of Massachusetts holds in his hand the writ of personal replevin, or of habeas corpus, issued out of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, to take into his possession (in order that the question of freedom or slavery may be tried) a man who, on the soil of Massachusetts, was in actual possession of his freedom up to the time of his seizure—*prima facie*, presumptively free—by all the traditions, all the maxims of the law, in every country where civilized man dwells under the ægis and protection of law—and when the Sheriff of the County calls upon the *posse comitatus* to assist in the service of that writ, and when the Governor orders out the troops to protect that officer in the performance of his duty, I expect the pleasure of marching shoulder to shoulder with my learned friend from Newburyport (laughter and applause).

[The Speaker here stated that the usual hour for adjournment had arrived, and suggested that Mr. Andrew should finish his remarks in the afternoon. There was a very general call from all parts of the house of "Go on," "go on," but Mr. Andrew said:]

Mr. Speaker, I had about finished; and, with the permission of the House, will close these broken remarks with a single word. I echo the declaration of the gentleman from Newburyport, that *the deed is done!* Yes, sir! It was *well* done—and it was done *quickly!* (Loud laughter and applause.)

REVIVAL DISCUSSION.

["The Young Men's Christian *Union*" of this city differs from "The Young Men's Christian *Association*," in that it invites young men to membership without distinction of creed. It is composed, for the most part, of persons excluded from the latter body by the rule which requires its members to belong to an "evangelical" Church. At a recent meeting of the Union, the subject of Revivals was introduced, when a discussion followed, which is thus reported in one of the daily papers.]

MR. LEACH opened the discussion. Is there not a reason, he said, for this commotion? Look abroad over the land, and see the crime that is being enacted. Have we not forgotten that there is a God who rules the nation? And in our rapid growth in wealth have we not become atheists, and mere worshippers of the golden calf? Do not our daily papers designate us as gamblers? And, if we believe what we read daily, there is scarcely a national office that is not a den of thieves; our judicial chambers are made scenes of the worst description, and our courts of justice often a mere mockery, where lawyers are pitted against each other, seeking not justice, but victory, and, like the inquisitors of old, tormenting their witnesses until in their mortal agony they confess to a lie. Does not the press of our country continually confess that many considerations may urge us to seize on our neighbour's land and force him to sell it afterwards? and is it not generally believed that our President favours such a scheme, and is entering upon what Shakspeare calls the "last scene of this eventful history?" These things could not be gainsayed; and, therefore, did it not seem that this movement was of Godly origin, and designed to hold up a picture to the world of the depravity reigning on the earth and the enormities which were being daily enacted? Was it worse for a Mormon to have openly one, two or three wives, legally and according to the law under which he lived, than for our own married men to have them illegally, and too often to abandon them to a degraded life and a miserable death? He himself believed that there was a Providence in this movement, for it could not be supposed that the terrible panic which had recently passed over the great commercial world was a mere accident; God's hand was surely in it, and His spirit it was which was now touching the hearts of men, renewing them, &c. God still reigned; not far away, but in our very midst—the same God who destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, and who scattered the Jewish people. It could not be supposed that the late state of things in our midst would be passed by without a terrible visitation—one which, though terrible, was still clothed in the garb of mercy. True, we might not be worse or as bad as other nations, yet, "to whom much is given from them much is expected." God gave us the finest and most beautiful inheritance in the world, and with it liberty and the freest institutions, yet it was sad to reflect that a terrible plague, almost the worst plague which now waved over us, that floating hell, the slave ship, found many adherents to its hellish trade in this city. How appropriate were the remarks of Channing, in a letter to a friend, in which he describes us "an avaricious and grasping nation, seeking more to accumulate wealth than to save our own souls." There was a time when movements like the present were looked upon with indifference, and considered of little or no permanent good; but they were now viewed in a different light. There might be much extravagance indulged in in such revivals, and many may afterwards fall back into their old ways; yet good must follow, and to such movements was this city indebted for many of its brightest ornaments and noblest minds. Many would call these meetings puritanical—would consider the world found itself too old and too often in error to repeat such a cry in this year; but such arguments were fallacious, and he questioned the attitude of the liberal church in standing aloof from these movements.

Mr. McAdam was in favour of these revivals, provided they were likely to be fraught with good, but otherwise he considered the reaction would be pernicious. Had any active charity as yet originated from them—any fund for the benefit of poor women or children, or to emancipate slaves, or promote the cause of emancipation? Did these meetings have the effect of making men pay the debts for the want of which their creditors were to-day suffering? No. Such results would be looked upon as folly or lunacy. He considered that there was too much theoretical religion—that kind resting on the lip, coming to the ear, but never being brought into our acts; that it was of a superficial character, and he was also of opinion that these meetings would divorce in men's minds religion from business and the affairs of every day life.

Mr. Gardner did not look upon this excitement as a religious one, and depicted in eloquent language what his ideas were as to true religion and piety, concluding by remarking that if these revivals had the effect of transforming the bully into the gentleman, the drunkard into a sober citizen; of bringing the mighty from their seats and exalting the humble; of feeding the hungry with good things whilst the rich were sent empty away, then he was in favour of them, heart and soul.

Messrs. Baker, Hatch, Cushing, Olmstead, Patton and Dr. Gardner continued the discussion, generally favouring the movement, and Mr. Warren, the President, also expressed himself in the same vein, urging the necessity for some measure of the kind in view of the wide-spread crime and depravity in which this city seemed so deeply sunk.

Several other gentlemen expressed their ideas, and the meeting adjourned at a late hour. No vote is ever taken upon any subject under discussion by this Union, therefore we cannot arrive at any definite result; but it was generally conceded that the sympathy of the members was decidedly in favour of religious revivals, and it was also stated by one of the members that the gentleman who represented the liberal church standing aloof from them was misinformed.

MRS. STOWE ON THE "GREAT REVIVAL."

THE great religious revival now in our country is a crisis in our national spiritual history—the result of many years' providential training.

The religious impulse which founded the great system of religious charities—the Foreign Mission enterprise, the Bible and Tract Societies, the Sunday School and Home Missionary—was, in its time, a true and heavenly one. It was fragrant with the incense of self-denial and self-consecration; it raised for awhile the mind of the American Church to a pitch of Christian heroism, under which she advanced rapidly and gathered converts by the power of her real Christian example. But then came an era in which, like a plant which ceases to grow, she first stood still, and then her leaves began to turn yellow. People began to give to all these sacred causes, as they did to their other business, at the rate of such and such a per cent.; religious establishments came to be conducted much like other business establishments; and religious enthusiasm began to be calculated on coolly as the stream to turn the wheels of the sacred machinery. Anniversary meetings began to have a little clap-trap, and less prayer than speech-making, and people gave not with tears in their eyes, but with pens behind their ears—"they didn't need any more talking; they had set down *that* cause at so much a year, so there was the end of it." Then came in jesuitry, worldly expediency, suppression of unpleasant truths, concessions to popular sins; all because here were great institutions to be preserved, and it was not possible for the world to be converted without them. And so the money-changers' seats were made fast in the temple, and they that sold doves had it all their own way—it was a pious trade—for how could there be sacrifice without them?

Meanwhile another cause came up—a cry, not of foreign heathen, but of heathen at our own door—a cry of oppression, not in Siam or Burmah, but in Christian America—a cry that children were torn from mothers; that husband and wife were separated; that Christian maidens were sold for abominable purposes—there was a cry that every oppression and cruelty that ever disgraced any despotism was being enacted in the very Church of Christ; and what was done about it?

The American Church, as such, shut her ears and did nothing. She said her hands were full; that she had the heathen to take care of, and tracts to print, and Bibles to circulate everywhere, except to the American slave, and, therefore, that she could neither remonstrate nor condemn.

From this grew up skepticism. *There has been no skepticism in America except what has grown out of the Church's shrinking from the place which Christ ordained her to fill;* and actually leaving in the hands of those whom she called unconverted men the great work of the Gospel, "to set at liberty them that are bruised." Had the Church taken the stand for the American slave which she did for the Hindoo and Caffre, multitudes of those men whom to-day she denounces as infidels, and who in turn denounce her as Antichrist, would have been ministering at her altars, and leading on her sacramental hosts. In 1850 and '51, what a sight did we behold in our country—what a period of disgrace and humiliation to our churches! Everywhere the forlorn fugitive—cold, hungry, desolate; churches of poor industrious brethren scattered like trembling sheep, while ministers of Christ were expounding to their people the new doctrine that there was no law higher than the law of the land! Webster scoffed at the idea of a law of God higher than the Constitution of the United States, and many in the churches (!) did not tremble to reecho the scoff! Prayers for the hunted slave were refused in some of the leading churches in our great cities; and for a while it seemed as if the majority of the religious community silently acquiesced in the iniquity of the Fugitive Slave law.

But this crop sown to the wind, in time brought forth its fruitful harvest of the whirlwind. They who acquiesced in the Fugitive Slave law soon found the same oppressions turned on their own sons and daughters who had gone to seek their inheritance in new territories; and every month, with deeper and deeper mortification, have they seen the circle of their own rights and liberties narrowing. The principle of no higher law brought forth also its fruitful crop of dragon's teeth; God, defied and insulted, gave them up to the legitimate consequences which always attend the loosening of the great bonds of responsibility to Him; frauds, swindling, monstrous corruption, crept into every department of business, secular and ecclesiastical, till finally came the hour of disclosure; and in a moment, crash went the whole system of national trust! burying under its ruins the wealth to save which men had denied their responsibility to God.

It was in this crisis—after so long a time, when God had broken every idol as by a lightning stroke—when old political parties lay headless and handless as Dagon, and the golden calf was stamped to pieces and scattered on the waters of bitterness—it was in an hour of national dismay and humiliation that meetings were appointed for prayer in New York city. They were appointed in the business quarter by business men—by men who felt themselves wrecked and broken, and who bethought themselves, in their extremity, of God. But it was not only there that the voice of prayer began to ascend. The stroke had spread desolation through our land, and thousands of households, whose earthly all had been swept away, were looking to God in their extremity. This great affliction came like John the Baptist in the wilderness, saying, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!

And now what we see is a work unprecedented in any former times. It is not to be ascribed to the career of any preacher—it seems, in fact, not to have come primarily from the ministry at all, but to have *welled up from the heart of the people* toward the pulpit, rather than rolled down from the pulpit to the people. Instead of mass meetings to hear preachers, we have mass meetings of brethren moved with one accord to pray and to open their hearts to one another.

It is remarkable that no modern language can more fitly describe the existing state of things than that of the prophet Zechariah, uttered twenty-three centuries ago:

"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, it shall yet come to pass that there shall come people, inhabitants of many cities, and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily and pray before the Lord to seek the Lord of Hosts."

No form of religious revival is more wholly unobjectionable than a universal spirit of prayer. Prayer is the natural and normal relation of child to parent. The little child, playing on the carpet, prays to its father and mother all day long, and thus in the nursery goes on an unceasing parable, explaining to us the relation in which our souls ought to stand to our heavenly Father; our prayer to Him ought to be as child-like, as uninterrupted, as constant.

Nor do we murmur, but rather rejoice at the notice in the prayer-meetings which some of our well-meaning friends seem to disapprove, viz., "No discussion of controverted subjects."

There is a time for all things. Sailors do not alter the ship's course while they are taking their observation of the heavenly bodies; then their business is simply to look upwards, gazing on the unchanging, truthful heavenly lights; afterwards come the reckonings, based on these observations, and the alterations of the ship's course, thence found to be needful. Prayer is a short vacation of the soul when she goes upward to breathe a purer air and recruit her spiritual health; and when she comes down, seeing with new and healthier sight, she will perceive much to reform. If God should permit us now and then to spend a day in heaven, though we might not even think of one of our earthly relations while there, doubtless we should see wondrous changes needed when we came back. Oh, how different would all things look to eyes baptized with that celestial vision! We would be willing to risk the experiment, if, for a season, all religious denominations should agree to suspend intellectual controversy, if all reformers should agree to postpone their projects, and all together, in hearty, brotherly frankness, should unite daily on the knee in earnest prayer to their common Father. We have been, perhaps, all of us, more sincere and well-meaning than the world knows. We must all be conscious that in many respects we are more faulty, infinitely more so, than the world ever said. We have each had our fragments of truth, dear and precious in our own eyes, which we have fought for, sometimes with more zeal than love; and there have been upbraidings, and criminations, and recriminations, and we are now much like a nursery of little children, which the mother finds with flushed faces and tearful eyes, each one sure that he is right and all the others wrong.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe, in The Independent.*

From Punch.

THE FIGHT OVER THE BODY OF KEITT.

(AN HOMERIC PASSAGE FROM THE GREAT AMERICAN EPIC, THE WASHINGTONIAD.)

SING, O goddess, the wrath, the ontamable dander of Keitt—
Keitt of South Carolina, the clear grit, the tall, the ondaunted—
Him that hath wopped his own niggers till northerners all unto Keitt
Seem but as niggers to wop, and hills of the smallest potatoes.
Late and long was the fight on the Constitution of Kansas;
Daylight passed into dusk, and dusk into lighting of gas-lamps—
Still on the floor of the house the heroes unwearied were fighting.
Dry grew palates and tongues with excitement and expectoration.
Pluga were becoming exhausted, and Representatives also.
Who led on to the war the Anti-Lecomptonite phalanx?
Grow, hitting straight from the shoulder, the Pennsylvania Slasher;
Him followed Hickman, and Potter the wiry, from woody Wisconsin;
Washburne stood with his brother—Cadwallader stood with Elihu;
Broad Illinois sent the one, and woody Wisconsin the other.
Mott came mild as new milk, with gray hairs under his broad brim,
Leaving the first chop location and water privilege near it,
Held by his fathers of old on the willow-fringed banks of Ohio.
Wrathy Covode, too, I saw, and Montgomery ready for mischief.
Who against these to the floor led on the Lecomptonite legions?
Keitt, of South Carolina, the clear grit, the tall, the ondaunted—
Keitt, and Reuben Davis, the ras'l hoss of wild Mississippi;
Barksdale, wearer of wigs, and Craige from North Carolina;
Craige and scorny McQueen, and Owen, and Lovejoy and Lamar,
These Mississippi sent to the war, "*tres juncti in uno.*"
Long had raged the warfare of words; it was four in the morning:
Whittling and expectoration and liquorin' all were exhausted,
When Keitt, tired of talk, bespake Reu. Davis, "O, Reuben,
Grow's a tarnation blackguard, and I've concluded to clinch him."
This said, up to his feet he sprang, and loos'ning his choker,
Straightened himself for a grip, as a bar hunter down in Arkansas
Squares to go in at the bar, when the dangerous varmint is cornered.
"Come out, Grow," he cried, "you Black Republican puppy,
Come on the floor, like a man, and darn my eyes, but I'll show you—"
Him answered straight-hitting Grow, "Waal, now, I calkilate, Keitt,
No nigger-driver shall leave his plantation in South Carolina,
Here to crack his cow-hide round this child's ears if he knows it."
Scarce had he spoke when the hand, the chivalrous five fingers of Keitt,
Clutched at his throat—had they closed, the speeches of Grow had been ended—
Never more from a stump had he stirred up the free and enlightened—
But though smart Keitt's mauleys, the mauleys of Grow were still smarter;
Straight from the shoulder he shot—not Owen Swift or Ned Adams
Ever put in his right with more delicate feeling of distance.
As drops hammer on anvil, so dropped Grow's right into Keitt
Just where the jugular runs to the point at which Ketch ties his drop-knot—
Prone like a log sank Keitt, his dollars rattled about him.
Forth sprang his friends o'er the body; first Barksdale, waving wig-wearer,
Craige and McQueen and Davis, the ra'al hoss of wild Mississippi;
Fiercely they gathered round Grow, catawampously up as to chaw him;
But without Potter they reckoned, the wiry from woody Wisconsin:
He, striking out right and left, like a catamount varmint and vicious,
Dashed to the rescue, and with him the Washburnes, Cadwallader, Elihu;
Slick into Barksdale's bread-basket walked Potter's one, two—hard and heavy;
Barksdale fetched wind in a trice, dropped Grow and let out at Elihu.
Then like a fountain had flowed the claret of Washburne the elder,
But for Cadwallader's care—Cadwallader, guard of his brother,
Clutching at Barksdale's nob, into Chancery soon would have drawn it.
Well was it then for Barksdale, the wig that waved over his forehead:
Off in Cadwallader's hands it came, and, the wearer releasing,
Left to the conquerer naught but the scalp of the bald-headed foeman.
Meanwhile, hither and thither, a dove on the water of trouble
Moved Mott, mild as new milk, with his gray hair under his broad-brim,
Preaching peace to deaf ears, and getting considerably damaged.
Cautious Covode in the rear, as dubious what it might come to,
Brandished a stone-ware spittoon 'gainst whoever might seem to deserve it—
Little it mattered to him whether Pro or Anti-Lecompton,
So but he found in the Hall a foeman worthy his weapon!
So raged this body of men, till into the thick of the *melee*,
Like to the heralds of old, stepped the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Speaker.

ACQUISITION OR CONQUEST OF CUBA.

Washington Correspondence of The Times.

THE President professes to be very confident that he will soon have Kansas off from his hands, and accordingly is beginning to shape in his own mind the foreign policy by which he hopes to divert public attention from the sectional excitement and unite and strengthen the Democratic party. His chief card in this connection is Cuba, for the acquisition of which he is disposed to play a bold game. I think still that Mr. Belmont will be sent to Spain, with a view to his peculiar fitness for promoting the President's views in this connection—and that for similar reasons Mr. Slidell will go to France, although the fact that Mr. Soulé would be likely to slip into the Senatorial vacancy, if one should occur, is calculated to make the Senator hesitate about carrying out that part of the programme. At the auspicious moment the President will then press for a settlement of our demands against Spain; and, if she refuses a prompt adjustment, will seek to make a war against her in order that Cuba may be seized and forcibly purchased afterwards. The scheme is not an idle one. Denounce it as we may, it will be popular. The South, of course, will be for it, and they will be warmly supported by the great North-West, whose people know that Cuba would afford them a market for their wheat and bacon, of incalculable amount and value. The money argument is infallible, and those who rely upon considerations of morality to defeat it will assuredly be mistaken. It is generally believed now that England would not interfere with our acquisition of Cuba. It would be Mr. Belmont's mission, through the Rothschilds, to induce the Government of England to press Spain for her indebtedness to British subjects, just in the nick of time; and Mr. Slidell would be relied upon to keep Louis Napoleon from taking any effective measures to defeat the contemplated acquisition.

This I am satisfied is the President's programme. It may be entirely defeated by the armed intervention of France, or by a prompt compliance upon the part of Spain with all our reasonable demands. The latter is unquestionably her wisest policy—but it remains to be seen whether her Government is wise enough to perceive it.

Correspondence of The Courier and Enquirer.

The plan of the Executive with reference to Cuba is *to send special Commissioners to Spain with comprehens

sole wish for the welfare of his people, with that enlightened heartiness which may now be expected from Russia. Let us not, however, suppose that the path traced by history is an avenue of roses without thorns. This would be sheer ignorance. When a new, a more moral and Christian state of things is about to be established, the obstacles that will have to be encountered must not be taken into consideration, except with the hope that the torrent of the new life will sweep them away. The change in the economical condition of our national existence will arouse our individual energies, the want of which is one of our greatest evils. Let us wish, then, gentlemen, from our innermost heart, a long life to him who has marshalled his faithful Russia to the conquest of truth and justice. Let us hope that this great idea will comprise the generous sentiments of the man and the Christian."

At the conclusion of this brief speech, in which the whole political economy of free labour was stated with scientific accuracy, M. Babst, the eminent Professor of Political Economy at the University of Moscow, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen: After the eloquent speeches which have been made in honour of our meeting to celebrate a great event in our economical existence, I hope you will allow me to say a few words as an expression of my deep gratitude for him whose thoughts and acts, during the few years we have passed under his reign, have always responded to the real wants of the people. We have met here to celebrate an event which will be an epoch in the annals of our history, and upon which future historians will dwell with pleasure. At the very commencement of this century, one of our first manufacturers said to Storch, *that trade could never flourish under our system of compulsory labour*, or, in other words, of serfage; already, in 1849, the Free Economical Society proved by facts the inconvenience of serfage as regards agriculture. The development of national wealth has ever gone hand-in-hand with the regular organization of popular labour, which, as it gradually emancipates itself from stringent conditions, becomes more active, more progressive, and consequently more productive. In proportion as national labour gradually issues forth free from such disadvantageous conditions, the love of work increases among the people. Emulation and competition arouse the sleeping energies of the nation; they will not allow them to rust, and excite them to healthy activity and continual progress. The day of the primitive forms of the economical condition of the people has now left us forever. The wants of a great nation increase daily, and cannot be satisfied with the coarse conditions contrary to all progress of primitive economy founded on compulsory labour—a labour the limits of which are as restricted as its nature is unproductive. Our task is not to double, but to increase ten-fold our productive power, our labour, our wealth, unless we wish to see taken away from us, by nations more advanced than ourselves, the markets which are ours by tradition and by our geographical position. And we cannot increase our productive power except by a regular organization of national labour, which will then boldly take in hand and work the treasures now hidden in our land."

The learned Professor concluded with an appeal to all honest men to support the Emperor in this great social reform. Various other speeches, we are told, were made, all in the same spirit.

The New York *Evening Post* says, in commenting upon the above interesting phase in the political history of Russia, such are the terms used by the leading minds in "barbarous" Russia in reference to the unprofitableness and wickedness of compulsory labour. "We breathe more like Christians," says M. Pauloff, "our hearts beat more nobly, and we may look at the light of Heaven with a clearer eye," since we have ceased to exact uncompensated and involuntary labour from our fellow-creatures. "The glory and prosperity of Russia," he adds, "cannot rest upon injustice and falsehood." Can it in America?

How strange it seems that while a despotic government like Russia can discern so clearly, not merely the injustice, but the inexpediency of slavery, and can take steps at once to inaugurate a more enlightened policy, every energy of the freest government in the world should be exerted in exactly the opposite direction. And what is more remarkable, though this reform affects the wealthiest and most influential class in Russia, we hear nothing from them about dissolving the Empire, nor are Russian statesmen and philosophers bludgeoned in their Council Chamber for expressing anti-slavery opinions. On the contrary, Mr. Pauloff says, in his speech, what no American Congressman, at this day, could say, at a similar meeting: "We have met to-day to express our deep and sincere sympathy for a holy and praiseworthy work, and we meet *without any nervousness to mar our rejoicing*."—*Pennsylvania Inquirer*.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

From The Independent, March 18.

It is with reluctance that we have come to the conclusion that the only way in which the Tract Society can hope to carry out the wise and just resolves unanimously passed at the last anniversary will be by excusing its present Publishing Committee from further service, and appointing a new Committee in their stead. The timid and vacillating course of the present Committee, and their open disregard of the will of the Society, have so thoroughly impaired the confidence of the public in their *official* capacity that no protestations or promises on their part can now reestablish it. They have lost their opportunity; they have agitated the Society with an unnecessary conflict; they have lowered the tone of our common Christianity, and have done whatever a mistaken policy could do to bring the Society into disrepute and to final disintegration. They cannot heal the breach which they have made.

We know, indeed, that the Administration are using their utmost endeavours—by creating life-members, and by soliciting the attendance of individuals supposed to favour their views—to pack the annual meeting in the hope of getting an indorsement of their recent course. But they reckon without their host. They will find that to fight against Dr. Tyng is a very different matter from fighting under his bold and eloquent leadership; that to have Judge Jessup for an opponent is a very different thing from having him as a counsellor and a pacificator; that to have Drs. Hawes, Wayland, Goodrich, Beman, Palmer, and a host like these, openly committed against them is quite a different thing from having them as passive but interested observers of a discussion; and that it is decidedly a different tone of New England sentiment when Mr. John Tappan speaks for the Boston Society instead of Rev. Seth Bliss. They will find also that the present tone of religious feeling in the community, and the indignant tone of public sentiment upon the Lecompton outrage, will create a very different atmosphere from that of the close stifling chambers of the Tract House.

We respect the members of the Publishing Committee as gentlemen and as Christians. But if Chancellor Frelinghuysen himself, with all his virtues, were now a candidate for Congress, and should avow himself in favour of the Lecompton Constitution, we should feel bound to oppose him. We stood by the Publishing Committee till their own course rendered it impossible for any friend of the Tract Society to support them. If, at the next anniversary, a ticket should be presented to us bearing the names of Dr. Wayland or Dr. Hague of the Baptist denomination; of Dr. Tyng or Bishop Clark of the Episcopal; of Pres. Hopkins or Dr. Palmer of the Congregational; of Mr. Barnes or A. D. Smith of the New School and Dr. McLeod of the Old School Presbyterian; of Dr. Vermilye or Mr. Gant of the Dutch Reformed; we would certainly vote for it. The election is so important that no vote should be allowed except by a regular poll to be held at the Tract House, from sunrise till sunset, with competent inspectors of the lists. Will the Administration make arrangements for a full, fair, and honest vote of the Society?

From the same, March 25.

Repeated inquiries are made of us as to the probable course of things at the anniversary of the Tract Society in May. That the policy of the Executive Committee will then be reviewed by the Society, there can be no doubt. All Christians would deprecate a discussion which should in any wise detract from the tone of religious feeling now prevalent in the community. But it is not at all necessary that the discussion of the duty of the Tract Society toward its present Administration, should interfere with the spirit of prayer and the solemnity of the present season of revival. When, in the great revival at Antioch, certain timid and temporizing teachers attempted to persuade the converts to be circumcised, through deference to Jewish prejudices and as a means of peace, it became imperative upon the apostles and disciples to discuss and settle that question in order to the harmonious progress of the work of grace. And now that the Administration of the Tract Society have avowed their determination to be silent upon the admitted evils and vices of slavery, in obedience to demands from a portion of the South, it is due to the dignity, the peace, and the usefulness of the Society, and to the honour of Christianity, that their position should be discussed and repudiated.

The *Administration* have created this necessity. They are the authors of confusion and discord. At the last anniversary, after a year of discussion, all parties in the Society united upon a basis of future action. The Executive officers have taken it upon themselves to nullify that agreement; and have used the presses and agents of the Society to promote agitation in favour of their views. Whatever evil may result from renewed discussion, let the responsibility be fixed where it belongs. *We* stand upon the action of last year.

The measures of the Administration are already foreshadowed. They intend, if possible, to pack the meeting in May with gentlemen who from a partial hearing of the case have become their partisans. Under the plea of new difficulties and excitements, and the want of light, they hope to carry a vote either rescinding the action of last May or approving their course since the anniversary, and remanding the whole question of publishing upon slavery to their absolute discretion.

This is their programme. Suppose that by the tactics of a packed majority they carry it. What will they gain? Will they silence discussion upon this question? Not one whit. Will they settle it? Not for one year. Will they gain for themselves the confidence of the Christian community? Not at all. Will they gain a quiet lease of their already dangerous power? They will only provoke the more rigid scrutiny. Will they divide the Society? This seems to be their object, but we hope it will be frustrated. Indeed we venture to predict that the result of *such* a triumph, would be to cause hundreds of churches to turn their contributions into other channels, while the members of the Society would remain within it to bring it back to right and duty.

But *can* these measures of the Administration succeed? Not at all, if those members of the Society who desire in good faith to carry out the action of last May *will be here at the next anniversary to do their duty*. It is impossible that the policy of the Administration should stand the test of open discussion. Let, therefore, leading men from all sections of the country make it a point to be present at the next anniversary to discuss that policy. Let the churches arrange to defray the expenses of their pastors—who are life-members—for that purpose. Let Associations of ministers delegate the wisest and ablest of their number to be here at that time. The first condition of the future safety of the Society is the *presence of wise and faithful men at the meeting on the 12th of May*.

From what we learn we have no doubt that a ticket for a new Publishing Committee will be prepared, which will command the votes of hundreds. There are no *annual* members, of the Tract Society. Every *life*-member, made such by the payment of $20 at one time for that specified purpose, is entitled to vote for President, Secretary and Directors, but *not* for the Executive Committee. Every life-director, made such by the payment at one time of $50 for that object, is entitled also to vote in the Board of Directors for the Executive Committee. When the ticket is prepared, we shall procure it, if possible, for distribution at this office. It will doubtless be ready for distribution at the doors of the church on the morning of anniversary. But the election ought not to be held in a crowded church. It should proceed quietly, with proper legal tests, throughout the whole day, at the Tract House. Will the present Committee abide that issue?

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in MOZART HALL, No. 663 Broadway (above Bleecker street), on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, May 11th and 12th; commencing, as usual, at 10 o'clock A. M. on the first day, and closing in the afternoon of the last. Arrangements will be made to secure addresses from eloquent champions of the cause, not only at the first, but at each subsequent session.

At no time within the quarter of a century in which this Society, as the representative of the American slave, has pressed upon the consciences of the people the duty of IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION, have the obligations resting upon its friends been more imperative, or the incitements to fidelity on their part greater than at the present hour; and never was it more important that they should come together, in large numbers, from every part of the land, to confer with one another upon the state of the cause, and, by an interchange of thought and sympathy, prepare for new labours and conflicts in its behalf.

The object of the Society is not *merely* to make "Liberty national and Slavery sectional"—nor to prevent the acquisition of Cuba—nor to restore the Missouri Compromise—nor to repeal the Fugitive Slave bill—nor to make Kansas a free State—nor to resist the admission of any new slave State into the Union—nor to terminate slavery in the District of Columbia and in the National Territories—but it is, primarily, comprehensively, and uncompromisingly, to effect the immediate, total and eternal overthrow of Slavery, wherever it exists on American soil, and to expose and confront whatever party or sect seeks to purchase peace or success at the expense of human liberty. Living or dying, our motto is "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, RELIGIOUSLY OR POLITICALLY!"

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.
S. H. GAY, WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.

RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.

THE newspapers, secular as well as "religious," declare that a great Revival of Religion is in progress, chiefly in this State and New England, but also, very largely, through all the Northern and Western regions of our country. The extent of its influence is such that one of the most intelligent and reliable of the business papers declares it to be probable that as many as fifty thousand "conversions" have occurred in a single week.

In this world there are many false religions, but only one true one. It is plain, therefore, that the mere information that a revival of religion is in progress, or even that it is widely spread and highly successful, does not assure us that the change is a desirable one until we have ascertained *which* of the existing religions has been revived, and whether it be the single true one, or one of the many false ones. If news should reach us of an extensive, deeply felt, and practically operative revival of the Mormon religion in Utah, or of the Hindoo religion in Calcutta, or of the Buddhistic religion in Canton, we should not regard it as good news; we should not assume that those places would be benefitted thereby, or that the world was a gainer by the change. Such news would rather seem to us melancholy and disastrous, an increase of the false ideas and evil practices existing in the world, and demanding a more active diffusion of Christian ideas and practices to counteract them.

Nay, more. Even the statement that a revival of the *Christian* religion was in extensive and successful progress would not absolutely assure us that the religion *of Jesus* was gaining ground, or that the world was improved by the change; for it might appear that the revival spoken of was in Spain, and that its results were the entrance of fifty thousand persons in one week into monasteries and nunneries, the establishment of two new branches of the Holy Inquisition, and the expulsion of all Protestants from the kingdom.

It appears, then, that, to form an intelligent judgment respecting an alleged revival of religion, we need to inquire precisely what it is that has been revived; and in what direction, and to what extent, the subjects of this influence are changed from their former state. To such an examination we shall now proceed.

But on the threshold of this investigation we must consider the inquiry that will be made by many of our readers, whether this topic, however interesting, is appropriate for the official organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Since this body is a combination of persons who, however like-minded in regard to the sin of slaveholding and the right mode of opposing it, hold opinions widely different from each other upon many other points, and especially in regard to religion; and since we are not constitutionally authorized (as the American Tract Society is) to take up *every* subject pertaining to "vital godliness and sound morality," but are restricted, among controverted points, to such as have an obvious bearing upon slavery, we must be well assured, before proceeding to the investigation proposed, that the subject of revivals has such a bearing, and must make this relation plain to our readers. This point, therefore, is to be first considered.

A very excellent article by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, entitled "The Revival," in *The Independent* of the 11th ult., expresses the earnest wish that the present movement might be, and might thus entitle itself to be called, instead of the great revival, the great "*reformation*"; at the same time expressing her doubt whether the latter title is appropriate. For, she says,

"Every truly valuable thing has its counterfeit. When we read of great revivals, where the Christian converts claim as a sacred right the privilege of selling the members of Christ for money; where they defend the breaking of the marriage covenant at the will of the master, and take away from the coloured member the right of testimony, and are so lost to all moral sense as to see no harm in any of these things, we hold that that revival has been spurious and counterfeit. So also as to Northern Churches, which, for reasons of expediency, and to carry ends of ecclesiastical politics, have refused to testify against these sins, we hold that a revival of religion that brings no repentance and reformation is false and spurious."

Furthermore, Mrs. Stowe confidently asserts it to be quite necessary that those who profess to be the exponents of religion before the community should have some deeper and higher ideas than at present of *what religion is*. And she asks, as confidently, of those who now call themselves Christians, "Do you want your neighbours, friends and children, converted into *such* Christians as you have been? If not, is there not a *deeper* conversion necessary *for you?*"

In another number of *The Independent* is a most admirable article by Dr. George B. Cheever (copied in THE STANDARD of the 13th ult.) entitled, "The Two Revivals," and commenting on the amazing fact that a revival of the foreign slave trade is now going on in this country, side by side with the revival of religion, and absolutely unobstructed by it. The thing distinctly implied in both these articles is, that religion, *as it is understood among the Churches concerned in this revival*, exercises no antagonism whatever to slaveholding or slave-trading; so that, if a man who was working a gang of slaves, or travelling to speculate in the purchase and sale of them, or fitting out a schooner to go to Africa for more, were to become a convert in this revival, he would no more think of relinquishing those employments, and no more be required by the Church to relinquish them before his reception as a member, than if he were engaged in any honest occupation. Thus (it is distinctly implied in both the articles above-mentioned) the religion now revived is a pro-slavery religion, and is not Christianity.

On the 26th of February of the present year, Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, delivered a speech in the House of Representatives at Washington, which he entitles "The Conflict between Religious Truth and American Infidelity."* This venerable man designates as *American Infidelity* "the denial of those fundamental religious truths which Jefferson, and Adams, and Franklin, and their associates termed *self-evident*" in the Declaration of Independence. Since these truths are practically denied by every Church that hold slaves, or defends slaveholding, or fraternizes with those as with Christian Churches, and since the Churches which participate in the present "revival" come, almost without exception, under some one of these heads, Mr. Giddings plainly designates these as the seats and nurseries of "American Infidelity," and thus *not* of Christianity.

We, the Abolitionists, did not need the testimony of these witnesses, competent and reliable as they are. We have long been familiar with the facts here asserted, and the further ones intimated. Even before Mr. Birney wrote his excellent tract in 1840, we were perfectly aware that the American Church was "The Bulwark of American Slavery," and history, ever since, has been giving more and more corroboration to this fact. Furthermore, the large experience of revivals that we have had in this country since 1820 (to say nothing of a previous period) has abundantly showed that the converts brought into the Churches from this source have not made these Churches more reformatory (thus showing their religion to be the *Christian* religion), but, on the contrary, that they have sunk, almost without exception, to the level of the Churches, becoming as tolerant of slavery, and as averse to anti-slavery, as they. If, then, a "revival"—finding its subjects among that portion of our community who are interested, from natural humanity, in the overthrow of slavery, or who acquiesce in the continuance of that wickedness merely because others do—impresses upon those persons a belief in the soundness of a religion which not only tolerates slavery, but forms its bulwark and defence, and recognises slaveholders like Dr. Fuller of Virginia, and defenders of slavery like Dr. South-side Adams of Boston, as its very best and highest representatives—what can be plainer than that the interest and the duty of Abolitionists, *as such*, alike require them to examine the pro-slavery religion thus advocated, and to expose its falseness.

The evidence of this pro-slavery character in the popular religion has often been spread before our readers. Indeed one of the most striking proofs of it is that persons like Mrs. Stowe, Dr. Cheever and Mr. Giddings, are obliged to recognise the fact (as above) in their writings, and point to the Church as a warning, when they would so much prefer to point to her as an example. Yet, for the sake of any reader who may have passed over or forgotten these details of evidence, we will repeat one of them.

In the most frequented prayer meetings in this city, and also in the Old South Chapel in Boston, the following notice is conspicuously posted, among the rules for the direction of the meetings:

"No controversial points discussed."

The meaning and intent of this prohibition are explained by the following:

Dr. Blagden, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, is a systematic defender of slavery from the Bible, perfectly sympathizing, in this respect, with Dr. South-side Adams (in whose church, by the way, the Boston ministers have just agreed to continue the revival meetings).

The daily prayer-meeting which has been held for many years in the Old South Chapel is precisely of the same character and spirit in regard to slavery now as it was when the following incident took place.

In May, 1851, just after the kidnapping of Thomas Sims, and while the trial that was to establish his slavery or freedom was yet in progress, the following note was handed to the leader of the meeting.

"The prayers of this congregation are requested in behalf of a brother who is now in imminent danger of being torn away from the religious privileges of Boston, and carried as a slave to Georgia, where the laws forbid him to read the Bible; also, that God would be pleased to arouse the Churches of this city to a sense of the duty of *not* delivering again to his master the servant who has escaped from his master unto them."

This leader, after consulting with a Deacon of the Church, refused to read the note, or to offer or ask any such prayer, *because* a special interest in *religion* was then felt in the meeting and the city.

It would—so we are assured—be equally impossible, at the present day, to get such a notice read by the leaders at the Old South Chapel, or at any revival meeting in Boston. To them, the enforced heathenism of four millions of human beings, held in heathenism and slavery by their own brethren in the Church, is a "controversial point," and nothing but a controversial point. With few exceptions, the ministers, and the revival meetings in our own city are controlled by the same pro-slavery spirit; and even the exceptional (Orthodox) clergyman among us who *does* show a hearty hatred of slavery, and who has written so strongly (as above) in condemnation of it, even Rev. George B. Cheever is in full ecclesiastical communion with our own pro-slavery clergymen, and with Drs. Stone of Park st., South-side Adams of Essex st., and Blagden of the Old South Church, in Boston.

We have reason, then, for the belief that the revival now in progress, instead of promoting, to any great extent, the purifying and reforming influences of Christianity, is extending, for the most part, the pro-slavery American religion, which falsely assumes the Christian name, as a cloak for its deformity and rottenness.

We therefore claim these two things:

1. That the extension of a system of religion which admits, as perfectly consistent with it, a vindication of slavery and a fraternization with slaveholders in its defence, is *not* the work of the Spirit of God.

2. That when a pro-slavery clergy assume that it *is* the work of God's spirit, and thus seek to constrain men reverently to accept it without examination of the soundness of this assumption, it is our right and our duty, *as Abolitionists*, to examine the facts which are spread before the public, to ascertain whether the results gained in the present revival are not fully accounted for by the merely human instrumentalities employed in it, and if it be found so, to declare this, and act upon it, as upon any other fact.

Before looking at the special instrumentalities which were employed in preparation for *this* revival, and plainly avowed as such in the "religious" papers, where its results have been officially reported, we must remember these three general facts.

1. Revivals form a customary and an expected part of the religious system most prevalent in this country.

2. Both the substance and the manner of the ordinary religious teaching among us are well adapted to form a basis for such revivals.

3. A special train of methods, operating in the same direction with this general basis of religious instruction and belief, has been, heretofore, the almost invariable preliminary to such revivals.

The present movement was preceded by efforts (originating, we believe, in this city, among clergymen and others, but extensively and diligently used in many parts of this and other States) to increase the amount of attendance on "Evangelical" churches on Sunday, and to check, as far as personal and social influence and the enforcement of Sabbatical laws would do it, all labour and recreation on that day. Sabbath Conventions were held, and Sabbath Associations were formed, in many places, and numerous books and tracts, advocating the idea that God requires all men to observe Sunday as a Sabbath, were circulated among the people.

The influence of the revival now existing has been felt, in a special and very unusual degree, among the mercantile class in cities and large towns. It is said that fifty daily public prayer-meetings (in addition to those previously existing) have been established in this city and Brooklyn. These have been located, both in this city and Boston, in the most thronged business streets, and held at many different portions of the day, morning, noon, 3, 4 and 5 o'clock p. m., and in the evening, thus to accommodate every class of business men. Moreover, earnest efforts have been made, by advertisements in the newspapers, placards in the streets, and a system of visitation from house to house, as well as by private solicitation among acquaintances and friends, to gain a regular and increasing attendance on these meetings.

We are now prepared to look at, first, the general basis of religious instruction, which expects revivals to occur, and keeps the religious community prepared for them, and, next, the special methods which were brought to enforce this general basis for weeks and months before the present revival appeared. This evidence will be presented in another article.

**See* STANDARD *of last week.*

REVIVAL INCIDENTS.

IT is our obvious duty to record such facts and incidents of the prevailing revivals of religion as may tend to show what influence they are exerting, and are likely to exert in the future, upon the anti-slavery movement. This we shall endeavour to do in all fairness, that our readers may not lack the means of determining for themselves whether they ought to welcome those revivals as an auxiliary to their cause or a new hindrance to its progress. "All is not gold that glitters." "The tree is known by its fruits." A revival of "religion, pure and undefiled before God," as described by the Apostle James, would be the greatest blessing that could befall the country, since it would tend to destroy the hateful spirit of caste and sunder every chain of bondage; and, on the other hand, any revival which is not informed by the spirit of liberty and humanity, and which tends only to strengthen the bonds of sect, must needs be a curse to the community which falls under its influence.

The revival in this city began in a daily prayer-meeting in the Reformed Dutch Church in Fulton street. A few days since, a coloured man of our acquaintance went to that meeting, and subsequently gave the following account of the reception he met with at the hands of Mr. J. C. Lanphier, the chief manager thereof.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

On Friday last, for the first time during the present religious excitement, I attended one of the daily prayer-meetings now so numerous in our city. I chose the one held in the North Dutch Church, corner of Fulton and William streets, on account of its convenient nearness. I went early, and, on arriving there, took a seat near the door. Looking around the room I saw only one coloured person present beside myself—a lady, decently clad—indeed as well as the majority of the females present. She had, like myself, taken a not very eligible seat, sitting close to the wall. On going in from the Fulton street side I found a notice on the door of the room on the first floor, stating that a meeting was held in that room, and also stating that the next floor was opened for the same purpose; and finding but few persons on the first floor, I went to the one above. I had sat there about ten minutes, reading in one of the hymn books, when a man, who had been in earnest consultation in the entry with two others who were in the room at the time I entered, came in, and addressed the lady who sat some distance from me, who immediately rose and followed him. The gentleman, then coming to where I sat, said to me:

"Brother! won't you take a seat with me?"

"I intend remaining but a short time," said I, "and, if you have no objection, will stay here."

"I wish you *would* come and take a seat with *me*," he said again rather beseechingly.

Without further hesitation, and fearing that the object of my visit might be thwarted (which was to present a note from one in distress, asking an interest in the prayers of the meeting), I followed him. He led the way up another flight of stairs to the top of the building, on the third floor, where he halted on the landing, and, turning to the lady, said:

"I presume you are a sister in Christ?"

"I am," said she.

"To what church are you attached?"

"To Mr. Garnett's," she answered.

"Ah!" said he, "I am happy to see our coloured friends taking an interest in the salvation of their immortal souls." Then, turning to me, he said:

"You are also a dear brother, I suppose. To what church do you belong?"

I told him that I was a member of the Episcopal Church.

"I am very glad to hear it," he added. "We have *sometimes* very interesting meetings up here."

The lady and myself were the only persons in the room; and as the time for commencing was very near at hand, we needed the knowledge of the fact that "*sometimes*" there were "very interesting meetings up there" to induce us to remain.

After placing a chair in the far end of the room near the window, and requesting the lady to be seated, leading her to it, he said to us:

"I hope you will not think anything, my dear sister and brother, of my inviting you up here; you know how it is!"

"Yes," said the old lady; "I know all about these things."

"I had been spoken to," said he, "by a couple of the brothers down stairs, and we thought you would like to come 'up' here. The coloured people have good meetings 'up' here, and we generally lead them ourselves."

He then, after placing a chair near the lady, and asking me to be seated, turned to leave, remarking that while we were waiting we might like to have a little religious conversation by ourselves, but when near the door was brought up by the lady saying,

"I hope these are about the last days of 'these things,' and when we get in the other world, for which we all profess to be striving, this distinction will be done away."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "there will be no more of it there, I hope."

After he had gone, the lady, being left alone with me, said:

"This is the first time I have ever been to any of these meetings, and this shall be the last. I would not have come up here had it not been that I did not want to show an unchristian spirit, but I don't think that I shall ever come again."

I told her that these things were a part of the American Religion; and while I disapproved the attempt to get up "a coloured men's prayer-meeting," we should have to adopt some other means to enjoy the full fruition of the outpouring of the Spirit than by having an "interesting time up there by ourselves."

As the leader of the middle meeting was about to commence the exercises, I bade adieu to my companion, and returned to my business.

I am yours truly, A COLOURED MAN.

On the same day that the above occurrence took place, the following request for prayers was sent to three different meetings, viz., the one held in the Dutch Reformed church in Fulton street, the one held at Burton's Theatre in Chambers street, and the one held in the Methodist church in John street.

"A fugitive from the bondage of the South asks an interest in the prayers of this congregation, that he may safely effect by flight his escape from the laws of the United States. He also asks that they will join him in a prayer to Almighty God that his family, whom he has been compelled to abandon by the certainty of being sold away from them, may be delivered out of the hands of the task-masters, and restored to his bosom. His

"HENRY ⋈ SMITH.
mark.

"Witness:
"OLIVER JOHNSON, No. 138 Nassau street."

At the meeting in the Dutch Church no notice was taken of this request. The leader of the meeting in Burton's Theatre for that day was Dea. Corning of the Plymouth Church (Rev. H. W. Beecher's), Brooklyn, who smothered the cry of the poor fugitive for reasons best known to himself. At the John street meeting, however, the request was read and complied with in at least one prayer, which was responded to, we are told, by hearty "*amens*" from different parts of the house. The fugitive who set his mark to that request passed through the city the previous day (Thursday, March 25).

On Saturday last the meeting at Burton's Theatre was conducted, not by a Deacon of Plymouth Church, but by the Pastor himself, the Rev. H. W. Beecher. Another fugitive having just made her appearance in the city, her request for prayers was on that day sent to the Theatre and also to the meeting in John street, as follows:

"A woman—a member of the Methodist Church—who, through much suffering and peril, even of life, has just succeeded in making her escape from Southern slavery, desires to offer up thanks to God for His goodness in bringing her safely to this city, and to ask the prayers of Christians that she may escape the toils of the man-hunters, and be guided safely to a land of freedom.

Her
"ISABELLA ⋈ WHITE.
mark."

This was not read in the John street meeting, and we have reason to believe that the managers, who represent the New York Young Men's Christian Association, have determined to take no notice of any similar requests that may be sent to them hereafter. The thank-offering of a Christian woman, who had made her escape in a box from the bondage which the so-called Christianity of the South declares to be ordained of God, was not a welcome gift at that altar; and her prayer for protection from the slave-hunters, in her further passage to a land of freedom, was not thought worthy of notice in a place consecrated by the presence of the revival spirit. Mr. Beecher, we are glad to say, did not follow the bad example of Deacon Corning. Holding the request in his hand, he said:

"I am going to read you a request for prayer, and I don't do it to disturb any man's opinions, but I expect to carry with me the sympathies of every man in this congregation."

Having read the request, he said:

"I took pains to ascertain whether this was a genuine case before I came in here, and a gentleman, whose word is as good as gold to me, assured me it was a true and genuine case.

"Now, I want to know if there is a man in this congregation who desires to get rid of his sins as much as this poor woman did to get rid of her slavery? She was willing to put her life in her hand, and for days to be smothered, without food, without drink—smothered because she was conveyed as bales and boxes of goods are—to show her love of liberty. And there was once a little negro boy seen coming up from the wharf in this city, who had lain in the bottom of a schooner which came from one of those Southern ports till the frost had bitten his feet; and thus hungry, nearly starved, with his poor frost-bitten feet, he was making his way upon the shore, when he was seen by some one who had an idea of his position, and who gave him a loaf of bread. Then that boy might be seen going along, scarcely able to walk for his frost-bitten feet, devouring his loaf of bread almost ravenously like a wolf, so nearly starved was he. Oh! what a testimony of how much he wanted to escape from bondage.

"Is there a slave in this congregation? A slave to Satan or their own passions? Is there any who wants to escape as much as this poor woman did? Who strikes for liberty in Jesus Christ? Who desires to say to-day, not about one habit, but of all bad habits, 'I desire to reform?' It is easier to reform all at once than it is to reform one thing at a time. If a man wishes to wash a spot, big as a penny, clean, on a dirty hand, he will find it much easier to wash the whole hand than that one spot. It is like a man who wants to be taken out from a burning building, but who should say to those about to take him out, 'Now, don't take me out too suddenly; take me down first to a room where it is not quite so hot as it is here; and then to another room, where there is still less heat, and so take me out gradually.' Why, the man would be a cinder before you got him out! A man who wants to reform should reform perpendicularly! If you want to quit drinking, become a Christian! If you want to be an honest man, go to God and take upon you the highest bond of inspiration and truth! A man who tries to reform without the help of God is like the man who tries to breathe without air. Now, is there any man here who seeks for reform? there is hope for you; there is prayer for you; and better than that, there is God for you—there is Christ for you! I hope and desire that, in consequence of these remarks, some man who has been bound in sin may be converted. Who shall it be? Shall it be you? Some of you, whose friends have been labouring for you, shall it not be you? If it shall be any of you who are here to-day, I may never see you again in the flesh, but, brother, you and I will bless God hereafter in heavenly places.

"Now, let us not forget this woman—let us not forget her in our prayers; and I will close these remarks by asking you to unite with me in the final prayer."

Mr. Beecher then offered a fervent prayer, in which the case of the fugitive woman was remembered with appropriate earnestness and emphasis.

On Monday last another fugitive arrived in New York, and on the following day his case was presented to the three meetings above named, as follows:

"Ebenezer Allison, a youth of twenty years, having been enabled by the goodness of God to effect his escape from Virginia, where he was held as a slave by a professedly Christian master, desires the prayers of this congregation in behalf of his father and mother and seven brothers and sisters, who are yet in bondage, that God would open a way for their release. He also desires prayers for his late master, that he may be converted to true Christianity, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance by emancipating the 150 human beings whom he claims as his property. His

"EBENEZER ⋈ ALLISON.
mark."

We cannot learn that in either of the three meetings any notice was taken of this request.

These facts certainly do not warrant the conclusion that the anti-slavery sentiment has any general or visible connection with the revival in this city, nor do they encourage us to hope that the cause will be greatly subserved thereby.

Some professed anti-slavery men (Republicans) regard requests for prayers from fugitive slaves, like those printed above, as incongruous, impertinent and intrusive. The objection, if we understand it, proceeds upon the assumption that the revival meetings have for their object the salvation of souls, not the promotion of any special reform. Mrs. Stowe, if we do not misapprehend the bearing of certain remarks of hers which we have copied on the first page, is inclined to this view of the subject. "There is a time," she reminds us, "for all things." She "would be willing to risk the experiment, if, for a season, all religious denominations should agree to suspend intellectual controversy, if all reformers should agree to postpone their projects, and all together, in hearty, brotherly frankness, should unite daily on the knee in earnest prayer to their common Father."

And so would we. But we cannot consent to put the claims of humanity on a level with the "intellectual controversies" of sects or the mere "projects" of any class of reformers. How can we pray in a proper spirit to a "common Father," while ignoring the deepest wants of his suffering children and turning a deaf ear to their appeals for sympathy and aid? We can think of no excuse for refusing to consider the case of a fugitive slave in a revival meeting which does not imply unsoundness in the religion therein taught—none which might not have served equally well in the mouth of the Priest and Levite as an apology for not turning aside from their peculiar work to help the man that had been left by thieves "wounded and half dead." The spirit of "hearty, brotherly frankness," which alone can qualify us to offer acceptable prayer to "a common Father," must always impel us to sympathize with the hunted bondman. In a meeting pervaded by this spirit, the request of the fugitive slave to be remembered in prayer to God cannot be regarded as an intrusion. Where *this* "liberty" is not, there is not "the Spirit of the Lord," though the spirit of sect and of religious proselytism may glow with intensest fervour.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE article in your last issue, "Praying for a Heretic," deserves a few additional comments and statements of facts. You remember my query, viz.: What are "controverted points"? At the John street Union Prayer Meeting, some few weeks ago, a gentleman, evidently from Boston, rose, and, in a most solemn tone of voice, suggested the propriety of praying for the conversion of the Rev. Theodore Parker, that his influence might be destroyed, &c. I don't think he expressed a desire that the Lord would "remove" or "confound" him. A decided hiss from the gallery, and the sudden rebuke of Mr. George P. Edgar, who reminded the gentleman that he had introduced a "controverted point," silenced him. I fear that Boston will have to attend to the "*conversion*" of that "heretic." Here in New York, I fear, it will be *no go*.

Let me add, also, that at a Union Prayer Meeting in behalf of boys, lately held at the Church of the Puritans, the Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Cheever, prayed most earnestly and at great length for those children in our Lord who, on account of their complexion, are from their very birth enchained and doomed to a perpetual state of misery. The writer of this is a believer in orthodoxy—orthodoxy not dead, but living. If requests for the Boston "heretic" are entertained, there will be no end to the numerous petitions for prayer in behalf of "Orthodox Infidels," as the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings calls the apologists and defenders of slavery. Yours, &c., S. L.

KIDNAPPING IN NEW YORK.

AN attempt was lately made by a scoundrel named James P. Finlay, alias Haley A. Howard, and his reputed wife, Anna Brainard, alias Anna Howard, to kidnap and sell as a slave a coloured girl of this city, named Sarah Harrison. The parents of this girl being very poor, she was sent out to beg food, and in this way she came under the notice of the couple above named, who conceived the project of decoying her to Washington and there selling her into bondage. They persuaded the girl's parents to permit her to go and live with them at Newark as a servant; and having thus got her in their possession, they took the express train to Washington, where they put up at Willard's Hotel. The next day, Finlay attempted to sell Sarah to a slave-dealer for $600, but she discovered the plot and claimed Mr. Willard's protection. The kidnappers, thus exposed, fled at once to Baltimore, and Mr. Willard opened a correspondence with the Mayor of this city, through whom he soon obtained evidence of the truth of the girl's story. The Mayor promptly took the necessary steps to bring the girl back to her parents and to arrest the kidnappers, and his efforts soon proved successful. Dr. C. F. Clay of this city, being suspected as an accomplice in the abduction, was arrested. He at first denied all knowledge of the matter; but on being locked up, he made a full disclosure of the plot. Officers were then despatched to Maryland in search of Finlay, and, after a tedious pursuit, he was found at Ellicott's Mills. The officer in disguise watched him go to the post-office and get a letter, and then followed him to a hotel, where he and his wife were both arrested. They were brought back to this city in custody, and will soon be tried for the crime they have committed. Their bail was fixed at $5,000, but they could not find the requisite security and therefore were consigned to prison. Messrs. Lewis Tappan and Dr. J. McCune Smith gave security for the appearance of the witnesses.

Is it any wonder that such a crime should be committed in a city where the majority of the clergy and the newspapers regard slavery as no offence against Christianity and good morals, and teach the duty of obedience to the Fugitive Slave law and an unresisting compliance with all the compromises of the Constitution? While grave and honoured Divines torture the Scriptures in defence of slavery, and the oldest and most influential religious press in the city (*The Observer*) serves the Devil after the same fashion, is it any occasion for surprise that creatures like Finlay should come to think it a light matter to sell a coloured girl into patriarchal and scriptural bondage? When the very fountains of moral influence are poisoned, can we wonder that the streams should carry the deadly infection to the lower

genuine Christianity is sacrificed to Churchianity. It will not always be so.

"We have been holding meetings in my church for a week, and last night I took the vote of the house, crowded to overflowing, whether we should continue them. They with entire unanimity said, go on. Of course no man preaches in my pulpit but an anti-slavery man, and the aim is to teach the people that the religion we wish to see revived is one that makes men cease to do evil and learn to do well.

"I have read Mayo's speech at Albany, and Powell's reply, and am pleased to see how true men, on both sides of the Constitutional question, can respect each other's convictions and cooperate.

"Let us, my dear sir, struggle to bring the religious element into the service of the slave. Depend upon it, the *people* are right, if it were not for their leaders in Church and State. A few weeks ago, I lectured on the 'Philosophy of Reform' before the Young Men's Christian Association of Allegheny City. I handled the Church, the Tract Society, and Bible Society just as you Garrisonians do. Well, those parts of the lecture which my wife assured me would be bissed, on account of their terrific severity and radicalism, were the very parts that were *cheered* to the echo, and by *private* members of the Evangelical Churches. *Their ministers cursed.* But, as your glorious Phillips says, all revolutions begin with the masses. The papers all approved my lecture, and I was requested to repeat it in Pittsburgh, with similar applause of its radicalism.

"I have just had an interview with Col. Forney of *The Press*, who has just returned from Washington and tells some very important facts. The feud between him and the President is becoming more bitter, and I hope you will chronicle, within this current year, the destruction of the Democratic party and the downfall of Buchanan."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. No. VI. *April.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This excellent Magazine has already reached a circulation of thirty thousand copies. We must confess a little pride in such unprecedented success, for among its chief attractions are the names of James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edmund Quincy, Harriet Beecher Stowe, L. Maria Child—names of leading Abolitionists. Thirty thousand copies! It shows what a work anti-slavery has done in the public mind.

The whole American world seems to feel that kind of tender exultation, which forbids criticism, in the success of this periodical. But whom *we* love we do not shrink from chastening: so we shall speak the truth in love about this valued offspring of Freedom.

Its English contributions are not the ones we are most proud of. Indeed, we could have wished one, "Who is the Thief?" had been excluded from this last number. It has too much the seeming of a rejected article of *Household Words.*

But why do we trust to our mere instincts in this rash way? the fact being that we are without a particle of knowledge of the matter, and may, after all, be excessively mortified to learn that the articles we condemn are from the pens of our own anti-slavery-trained writers, some of whom have versatility enough for anything. Let us hasten to declare, at the outset, that we are, as regards the *Atlantic Monthly*, of the profane. We have not even a peep behind the curtain of this public entertainment, and can but say just what we think, under admonition of PUBLIUS SYRUS and the public at large.

It is not a common fault with critics to say what they think. Some have a party to push, some a place to pay for, some an article to make, some a friend to oblige, some a publisher to propitiate, some a talent to exhibit, some a grudge to feed, some an interest to serve, some a gift to acknowledge, some an advertisement to smuggle in, some a social influence to cherish, some a *succès de société* to attain; and with these Lilliputians tugging at his heartstrings, even a giant among critics often swerves from his own judgment—so often that the good sense and sound logic a man may possess are the *last* things he shows in his literary appreciations — which, whatever their influence, are all called criticism, nevertheless.

We have none of the aforesaid jobs in hand; but we love to give and to receive sympathy in our weekly and monthly literature—above all in our poetical literature—and about some of that which we find in the *Atlantic Monthly* we shall this week have the pleasure of freeing our minds, having been provoked to it by a deal of indiscriminate admiration, which seems less like the sympathy so desirable than the sounding brass that is so detestable.

We have already shown by deeds how we love and appreciate "The Chambered Nautilus." We have copied it in THE STANDARD. We have procured it to be reprinted in the fly-leaves of pamphlets. We have commended it to the great *Liberator* itself. We have even propelled it into at least one of the great New York dailies. We have declared it in all companies to be the poem of the age. But a word of real criticism have we never seen of it. "It is the poem of the age," men repeat after us, just as they dramatically say the "star"—or, agriculturally, "the big pumpkin — of the season"; but they look neither into the quality of the age nor the quality of this its product.

Nobody notices "in this connection" that ours is the age that is in search of truth; the scientific age; the age of moral progress; and that such poetry as this is the natural exponent of such an age. We should be proud and pleased to think that one of our Abolitionists wrote it. At any rate, they alone can fully enjoy it; and he or she who wrote it, if not one of them, "est au moins digne de l'être," as that good Frenchman said who found, as we do, so much more pleasure in drawing traits of union than lines of distinction.

Nobody has noticed the exquisite beauty, the perfect finish of the mechanism in this little poem. Then its choice of words—try to substitute one for another and you will see. It is not *any* smooth, well-sounding word that will do, such as Memory is apt to hand carelessly out, at the demand of Measure, instead of the true one, and which, in ordinary magazine poetry, is more than likely to prove the best of the two.

We *did* think, for a moment, that an *unfathomed* sea would have been a better than an "unshadowed" one for Youth and the Nautilus to set sail upon, but a second thought convinced us. Man, and all his prototypes, begin with the surface, not thinking then of the depths.

Beautiful as is the choice of words, never before did thought owe words so little, or go forward, swell after swell and burst after burst, so purely in its own strength. In short, this gem is simply perfect—whether considered in its strict scientific accuracy, without any, the slightest reference to the mythological, the traditionary or the authoritative, except to tread them under foot—or in the power with which it demonstrates how much stronger is Truth than either to uplift the soul, the spiritual nature, the moral sense, the imagination, or whatever men variously call it, to its natural height in view of its natural aims.

Then the whole is in such perfect keeping with the universal world! The freedom from local colouring which might have been so great a defect in a less cosmical poem is but an additional excellence in one which might pass equally into Chinese or Hindostanee, and be as much admired by the poetically and philosophically religious soul in Europe as in America.

The very secret, on the contrary, of the charm in the little poem in the present number—"Telling the Bees"—is the truth of the local colouring. It is New England-tinted to the very last line, from beginning to end. We say *to* the last line; for there the word "mistress" is slightly out of keeping. So is the word "drape." It is only the few festooners of the Atlantic border that *drape*; people who have begun late in life to study statuary. No shame to them for it—but all praise, on the contrary; only facts are facts, and finery finery. But New England does not *drape*. She *hangs* her Meeting Houses and her Bee Hives with black, upon occasion, as Old England did before her. Thanks to the author, whoever he be, for washing out the English colour where it is *not* true to American nature. Here are no May, no nightingales, no hedgerows, no lawns. But the gap in the wall, the path over the hill by the stepping stones through the shallow brook, the brown barn, the well-sweep, the cattle yard,

"The white horns tossing above the wall,"

are all clear in outline and perfect in keeping as in colour.

"The Danish Legend" is a well-expressed moral lesson—the same taught to the Jewish women through their family pride, by the hope of giving birth to the Messiah, and to the Italian women by their religion, which pictures to them the family as holy.

Last, let us dwell on the low voice of the singer whom we overhear chaunting to his own heart the "lonely song of one that hath a pleasant voice." Hear what he sings about "Happiness." The tender toning of this little picture is inimitable; but it is far more tender than true. Indeed, after the first line and a half,

"WING-FOOTED! thou abid'st with him
That asks it not,—"

there is a diverging from healthy nature into the disease of sentimentality; still, what follows is lovely as a marble whiteness or a hectic flush. And here, if we should venture to question the singer whether he had sung true to his own conception, we should, probably, if he ventured a true answer, hear him reply, like Dryden, that the rhyme, in helping him to the idea, perhaps led him a little astray from it. Let us search him up a little. *Hap*-piness is, as the word well implies, the state and condition of one who has the luck to be well proportioned in his powers and faculties—both inter-constitutionally and to the world without; who is so well balanced as not to think of himself habitually as *two*—as soul or body alternately; nor as *one*—a creature to suck up all the rest of creation; but who, without much thought of himself at all, finds his whole nature in that easy and perfect play commonly called being hard at work for the accomplishment of a general good. The exercise of all the powers we have is happiness to each of us in our degree. Do your whole duty, that is, and you will be as happy as you *can* be. But you will know it at the time; and the harmonious action will go on *making you* (and better and better, too), in such a wise that the feeling *must* stay by you.

Now, read the beautiful lines aloud, and see how sense will fly before sound and colour! But we warn you, gentle reader, that they must be *intoned*—not punctuated.

HAPPINESS.

WING-FOOTED! thou abid'st with him
That asks it not: but he who hath
Watched o'er the waves thy fading path
Shall never more on ocean's rim,
At morn or eve, behold returning
Thy high-heaped canvas, shoreward yearning:
Thou only teachest us the core
And inmost meaning of No More,
Thou, who first showest us thy face
Turned o'er the shoulder's parting grace,
And whose sad footprints we can trace
Away from every mortal door!

We are sorry to see by the political article of this number that there is even *one* of the writers "ready to fight under Douglas," since whoever would win in a good fight must have Douglas and the like fighting under *him.*

OLD HEPSEY. By Mrs. C. W. Denison. With Illustrations from Designs by the Author, engraved by N. Orr. 460 pp. New York: A. B. Burdick. 1858.

This is the book of which a chapter appeared, in advance of publication, in THE STANDARD of Feb. 27th. The scene is laid in Maryland, and the chief object of the writer is to depict those features of slavery which necessarily result from the absolute subjection of female slaves to white masters, their sons and overseers. The plot centres around a single family and the slaves belonging thereto, and the principal characters from the latter class are nearly white—the children of slave-owners by their bond-maidens.

We have read the book with a feeling of deep and absorbing interest. Its lights and shades are well drawn, whilst a deep abhorrence of the system which it attacks underlies every sentence.

Though the main features of the story, upon first reading, seem too shocking for human credence, we, who know slavery *as it is*, and of what atrocity and iniquity it is capable, can believe all that the writer so graphically depicts; and though we sicken over its coarse details, its low and revolting scenes, we think it well that such an *exposé* be made, that those who wink at the institution may see what a horrible crime, what a moral cancer they are glossing over with their "toleration."

We do not sympathize with the pen that *can*, from preference, portray such characters as Mrs. Kenneth and her overbearing and insolent husband, nor are we quite reconciled to a certain want of congruity in the character of Lawyer Kenneth; but we are prepared to believe that slavery can produce anything that is horrible or revolting, and he or she who has nerve enough to probe the cancer to its very heart is deserving of all praise. The surgeon's hand should not tremble when he holds the knife, even though the patient flinch. Mrs. Denison has done her work in a brave manner, with a firm heart and a steady nerve, and for this is deserving of all credit.

The style of the book is pleasant and vivacious in the lighter scenes, whilst there is no want of earnestness or power in the graver ones. The conversation of the young Southern girls is lively, natural and pleasing, giving us a good and correct idea of gay life among the young at the South, while, every now and then, there peeps out a hint of the demoralization under which they live. The Quakeress, Mabel Van Broek, is a charmingly drawn character, and wins upon the heart. We would advise all persons interested in this great and vital question to get the book, and read and judge for themselves.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA, AND THE IMMEDIATE DUTY OF THE NORTH: A Speech delivered in the Hall of the State House, before the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Jan. 29, 1858. Boston: Bela Marsh.

This speech has been published at length in THE STANDARD, and many of our readers, we are sure, will be glad to possess it in a more convenient and permanent form. It may be obtained at this office.

PERSONAL.

John P. Putnam has been appointed Judge of Probate for Boston, in place of Edward Greeley Loring removed.

Thomas H. Benton is confined to his bed by an internal cancer, which, at no distant day, perhaps even in a few weeks, will destroy his life. In spite of severe suffering, he is labouring assiduously to complete his Abridgement of the Debates of Congress.

Charles Sumner, after going to Washington to record his vote against the Lecompton villany, returned to this city last week. He is staying at the Brevoort House and spending his time and strength in the way best calculated to effect a thorough restoration of his health.

Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay (the worthy daughters of the patriot John Jay), who died in this city in the fall of 1856, set a noble example in the use of wealth for charitable purposes. Mrs. Banyer, by "expending nothing for luxury, vanity, or worldly display," was enabled to disburse for the relief of the poor, in a little more than nine years, the sum of $71,397. Her sister was not less benevolent. Whether these noble women, like their brother, the venerable William Jay, included the anti-slavery cause among the objects of their charity, we are not informed.

General Quitman, the fire-eating Representative in Congress from Mississippi, is said to be a native of this State and the son of a plain, old Dutch Reformed preacher, who lived somewhere in the valley of the Hudson. Before emigrating to the South he was a teacher in the Academy at Germantown, Pa. Nor is he the only prominent champion of slavery at the South who thus dishonours a Northern birth-place. Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, is a native of Pennsylvania; Albert Pike, of Arkansas, was born in Massachusetts; and John S. Phelps, of Missouri, is a Connecticut man by birth.

"Boanerges Brownlow," the valiant champion of slavery, who lately avowed his intention to come North and mercilessly rout all the forces of the Abolitionists, will make his appearance among us, we fear, with tattered credentials. Here is what the Mobile (Ala.) *Advertiser* says of him:

"What must be the impression as to the character of the Southern people upon the minds of the ignorant masses of the North when they behold and listen to this blackguard Tennesseean, and are told that he is a minister of the Gospel, and the chosen champion of Southern institutions, sent among them by the people of the South? It was an unfortunate joke for Southern gentlemen, as they did it, doubtless, only for the fun of the thing, to have encouraged this coarse brawler in politics and religion to go into the North and expound the merits of Southern institutions and Southern society. But the mischief has been done. The reverend ruffian has already crossed the line, and the enemies of the South are doubtless, by this time, chuckling at the prospect of the damage which the reputation of the Southern people is certain to suffer in the minds of the Northern masses from the blackguard exhibitions of this Tennessee parson."

It is always pleasant to hear of a coloured man to whose example we may refer as an illustration of the capabilities of his class and a triumphant refutation of the falsehoods originating in the prejudice of colour. Such pleasure we have found in the following record from the Cleveland (O.) *Leader:*

"Dr. Leach came to Cleveland from Jackson County, in Southern Ohio, when a young man, fourteen years ago. He was uneducated, as are most of his race in that section of the State. Young Leach saw that here was opportunity for education and improvement, and he industriously embraced it. For some twelve years he found employment, during the season of navigation, on our best lake steamers, and neglected no chance of acquiring knowledge from books and men. Nor were the winters wasted, but were divided between work and study. Pleasing in his address, winning in his manners, upright and trustworthy, of a kind and genial disposition, he became the nurse of the sick on the boat, and, after familiarizing himself with the small medical book of the medicine chest, became not unfrequently the doctor on ship-board. With a love for the science and practice, Mr. L. read more voluminous medical works. During the prevalence of the cholera, in 1849, he treated the disease with signal success, and a specific prepared by him was much used and sought for about the lakes. Previous to the past winter, Mr. Leach attended two courses of medical lectures at the Cleveland College, and he has now graduated with credit to himself and the institution.

"Dr. Leach has not only secured a fair reputation and acquired an honourable profession during his residence in this city, but he has an intelligent, interesting family, and a home with all the pleasant surroundings which well-directed industry and economy so usually bring with competence, when directed by good taste. His numerous friends here and abroad will be glad to learn of the success of the M.D."

H. W. G., writing from Schuylkill, Chester County, Pa., to *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, alludes to the retirement from the editorship of this journal of Mr. Sydney Howard Gay, in terms to which its readers will heartily respond.

"Though we cannot rightfully complain of Mr. Gay's resolution, which was rendered necessary by private considerations, we cannot help but regret that circumstances rendered such a course imperative. In clearness of vision with regard to the wants of the cause and faithfulness to the very highest type of anti-slavery, he has few equals; and the delicacy of his humour and his exquisite literary qualifications (which would have given him a wide reputation if he had been in the market as the mass of American writers are) have made THE STANDARD almost as indispensable to us as bread and butter at breakfast. . . . You will not be surprised at our interest in this matter, when you reflect that we have not, as the Abolitionists in the West, an especial organ, our proximity to New York having made the merging of *The Freeman* in THE STANDARD possible. One may sincerely congratulate Mr. Gay on having found a remunerative post where he can be even so untrammelled as in the office of *The Tribune.*"

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE STANDARD.

APPEAL OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE Executive Committee of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY take the opportunity of the editorial change in the conduct of THE STANDARD, now announced,* to address their earnest appeal to each and every of their associate members of the Society, and to all the friends of an uncompromising anti-slavery journal.

Hitherto THE STANDARD has not had a self-supporting subscription-basis. It has, doubtless, deserved it too well to obtain it in the past. But the change for the better, which our anti-slavery action has effected upon the public mind, warrants our expecting and calling for such a basis in future. To accomplish this, we ask the steady, unanimous cooperation of every friend of THE STANDARD, and of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The excellence of THE STANDARD as a journal, whether in regard to its literary taste, its editorial ability or its typographical accuracy and neatness, is unhesitatingly offered for comparison in these particulars with any other American journal; while in respect to its anti-slavery fidelity, fearlessness and discernment, it is enough to say that it is the organ of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, the only associated body in the land which takes the high and impregnable ground of the utter SINFULNESS OF SLAVERY, of the DUTY OF IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION of every slave on our soil, and of the cor-relative DUTY OF EVERY MAN TO CEASE FROM ALL GOVERNMENTAL, POLITICAL OR ECCLESIASTICAL UNION WITH THE AMERICAN SLAVE-HOLDER AND SLAVE-TRADER.

On these grounds, and for the cause's sake, we solicit of every friend of the American Slave an immediate and a persevering attention to the work of securing to THE STANDARD a large and self-supporting subscription-list, thus leaving the funds obtained by donation to the Society's treasury to be applied to other agencies.

We can confidently assure all friends of our cause, that we believe there will be no diminution in the interest or value of THE STANDARD, in consequence of the changes which have necessarily been made. We shall indeed lose the services of a thoroughly able, conscientious, faithful and judicious editor, by the retirement of Mr. Gay. But arrangements have been made for securing editorial labour and oversight, of the most thorough and effective kind, and THE STANDARD will, under the continued editorial supervision of our tried coadjutor, OLIVER JOHNSON, undoubtedly maintain, and add to, its acknowledged excellence.

With this fixed purpose, on the part both of Committee and Editors, we call with earnestness upon *all* our associates and friends to give THE STANDARD a large circulation throughout the Non-Slaveholding States, and, as far possible, through the Slaveholding States also. There are no journals in existence—not even the best of the *Tribunes, Evening Posts,* and *Independents*—which can be trusted to do, or which even propose to do, the thorough, vigorous and uncompromising work which THE STANDARD will do. There is no journal which supersedes or renders THE STANDARD unnecessary. No tampering with this great Sin, no daubing with untempered mortar, no filming-over the ulcerous spot, no consent to a temporizing policy orto half-way measures shall ever disgrace it.

FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN SLAVE! FRIENDS OF HUMANITY! FRIENDS OF YOUR COUNTRY, in deed and in truth! Will you not at once, and from every quarter, the nearest and the most remote from our centre of publication, respond to this call? Send to our office, 138 Nassau street, New York, the name of every new subscriber whom you can obtain. Send thither intelligence of the cause in your neighbourhoods. Send your words of cheer and counsel. And by your united strength, give to our STANDARD a more conspicuous position in the land, and a new power for the Deliverance of the Enslaved.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
FRANCIS JACKSON,
EDMUND QUINCY,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
CHARLES F. HOVEY,
SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH,
CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
Executive Committee.

*See STANDARD of March 7th.

QUESTIONS OF CONSCIENCE.

LETTER TO THE REV. DR. COX.

SILVER CREEK, Jan. 30, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I SEND you herewith enclosed a copy of a letter sent to Dr. Cox, several years since, which he did not deign to answer. I was advised to send a copy to *The Independent*, to be printed, which I did. As it did not appear in that paper, I send it for insertion in THE STANDARD, if, at this late day, you shall think it has not altogether lost its interest. I think the pro-slavery ministers should be required to answer the questions put to Dr. COX.

WILLIAM POWERS.

SILVER CREEK, April 14, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just been reading, in the public papers, your letter to Dr. Adams. I need not say I perused it with much interest. All the communications from your pen are everywhere read with much interest.

My object in writing you is to solicit your opinion and advice upon the question, how Christians, under certain circumstances, ought to act.

On the last Sabbath, a coloured preacher was admitted to preach in our church (Presbyterian) in this place. He was the minister of a coloured church in St. Catherines, Canada, whose members were fugitives from slavery. His object in visiting this part of the country was to solicit funds to enable his coloured people to erect a meeting-house, in which to worship God.

After his sermon (which was considered by all to be a good Christian discourse), a collection was taken up; some contributed very liberally, and some of us did not contribute at all. Perhaps we did wrong in withholding our charity. I beg, for the benefit of those of us who may have scruples on the subject, to ask whether, in your opinion, it would be *right* to give aid to a coloured church whose members have escaped from the service of their masters? Whether the doing so would not be an approval of the escape and tend to confirm them in their wrong-doing, and also to encourage others to escape? Would it not be better, more Christian-like, to endeavour to persuade the coloured preacher and his fugitive brethren to return to their masters, as Paul did Onesimus to return to Philemon? What would Paul advise in this case and what would you advise?

I beg also to ask another question: whether it is not wrong for a Christian, or any one, when he sees a servant escaping from his master, to refuse or neglect, if in his power, to assist the master to reclaim his servant? Deut. 22: 1, 2, 3. "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his sheep go astray and hide thyself from them; thou shalt in any case bring them again to thy brother; and if thy brother be not nigh unto thee, or if thou know him not, then thou shalt bring it unto thine own house, and it shall be with thee until thy brother seek after it, and thou shalt restore it to him again. In like manner shalt thou do with his ass, and so shalt thou do with his raiment, and with *all lost things* of thy brother's, which he hath lost and thou hast found, shalt thou do likewise; thou mayest not hide thyself."

If we are required to return to our neighbour his property in cattle going astray, are we not under greater obligation to return his property in servants going astray, which are more dear and valuable?

In Exodus 23: 4, we are commanded, "If thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it to him again." If to an *enemy*, why not certainly to a Christian neighbour like the Rev. Mr. Denison, who lost his servant girl in Ohio, an account of which you have probably seen?

Slavery has become a very grave, vexed and knotty question. Christians and honest people are bewildered by the disagreement of our religious teachers on the subject. We want light. Will you please write me a few lines and give your opinion? It will be very gratifying also to a number of my brethren.

Yours respectfully, WM. POWERS.

Rev. S. H. COX, D.D.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY are now in New York. They will appear in their professional capacity at Mozart Hall, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of next week. The "Family," as now constituted, embraces eight persons, as follows: Judson, Abby (Patton), John and Asa, the regular Quartette; and Fannie, Jessie, Lizzie and Annie, whose aid in certain pieces will add much to the attractiveness of the performances. The appearance of Abby, after some seven years of retirement, in which her voice has lost nothing of its sweetness, while it has gained in power, will afford pleasure to not a few who remember how much they enjoyed her music in former times. We presume these favourite minstrels will not fail to sing again those songs of freedom by which they were wont to thrill the hearts of the slave's friends and stir the consciences of the slaveholder's apologists and defenders.

THE MOVEMENT.—This is the title of a new weekly journal, the first number of which appeared last week. Its object is to expound and promulgate the socialistic doctrines of Charles Fourier, and to furnish a channel of free thought and radical opinions upon current topics and events. John Allen and E. F. Underhill are the editors.

THE friend who asked us to publish MRS. GAGE'S poem, "My Fiftieth Birth-Day," will find it in our present issue.

Summary.

Reported for The Barnstable (Mass.) Patriot.

Speech of Dodge, of Chatham, on the motion to refer the Governor's Message, concerning the removal of Judge Loring, to a special committee:

"Amen."

JUDGE LORING AGAIN.—It is whispered in anti-slavery circles in Boston that Judge Loring has gone through the three degrees of probation—Probate, re-probate and ex-probate.

The receipts of the American Tract Society for eleven months past have been $30,000 less than in the same months the preceding year, while the grants through colportage and other channels have been largely increased.

FREE NEGROES IN MARYLAND.—The Baltimore (Md.) *Clipper* says that the small State of Maryland contains a greater free negro population than the mighty Empire State of New York by over 25,000, and exceeds Pennsylvania by over 21,000.

NEGROES HOLDING SLAVES.—The Louisiana Legislature has just passed a bill to prevent free negroes from holding slaves in that State. The practice must be quite common to require an act of the Legislature to prevent it.

STEAM WIT.—At a recent railway festival in Cleveland, in honour of Mr. John Durand, the following striking sentiment was given:

Our Mothers—The only faithful *tenders* who never misplaced a *switch.*

THE CAUSE OF THE CHANGE.—The Washington *Republic* says: "Since January 1, 1856, three thousand school-houses have been built in the State of Illinois. This fact, added to the defection of Judge Douglas, is a most ominous one to the Democratic prospects in that State."

The Richmond *South* says that a negro child has recently been born in the neighbourhood of Ringold, in that county, with twenty-two fingers and toes. It has six toes on each foot, and seven fingers on each hand. There are two full-sized thumbs on each hand, and two "little" fingers. All these limbs are said to be perfect.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.—The Xenia *Torchlight* says that the Committee of the Synods of the Presbyterian Church, which have purposed to locate a college at West Liberty, have turned their attention to Antioch College at Yellow Springs, there being a probability of the sale of that institution. They have examined the college there, and will report to the Synod ere long.

NEW NAME FOR AN OLD THING.—A coloured woman was called to testify in court in this city, on Friday, in the trial of damages by the collision of two carriages on the highway. To the question whether one of the parties was intoxicated, she answered that she did not know; but "he went as though he had a bill of sale of both sides of the road."—*Worcester Palladium.*

WARNING.—The following note of warning is from a recent number of the *Christian Observer:* "Say to our friends in the South, that if they go to the Old School Church, they will be in trouble before two years on the slavery question. I speak what I know, and testify what I see here in this end of the earth. They, I mean their ministry, cry peace! peace! when there is no peace in their churches."

A SPUNKY FRIEND—"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."—Queen Victoria has placed T. B. Macaulay in the British Peerage, having granted him a patent of nobility. His adherence, in the new edition of his History of England, to the charges he formerly made against Wm. Penn, after they had been thoroughly examined and refuted, proves that she has not made him a nobleman.—*Friends' Review.*

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg has offered a prize of 500 ducats for the best essay, historical and statistical, "On the Abolition of Serfdom in the various Countries of Europe." The question is mostly to be considered from the economical, but also from the political and social, point of view. Competitors have to send in their manuscripts on or before the 1st (13th) of March, 1860.

A SHORT PRAYER.—The following laconic prayer was delivered in the Iowa House of Representatives, the other morning, by the Rev. Mr. Shinc: "Great God! Bless the young and growing State of Iowa, her Senators and Representatives, her Governor and State officers! give us a sound currency, pure water, and undefiled religion, for Christ's sake. *Amen.*"

A NEW TERRITORY.—A resolution was introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature, last Tuesday, proposing to cede back to the General Government all that part of the State lying north of the third correction line, provided Michigan will cede back that part of her State north and west of Lake Michigan, for the purpose of forming a new Territory.

THE PATENT OFFICE.—It is well-known that Messrs. Gale and Lane, Examiners of the Patent Office, were removed from office on account of their alleged connection with the school maintained at Washington for the instruction of coloured children. The removal, for the same cause, of another examiner, Mr. Peale, is now demanded by a Southern newspaper.

The Rev. J. E. Crawford (coloured), pastor of the Baptist church in Nantucket, has just returned from Wilmington, N. C., where he has been to purchase from slavery a niece of his wife. The price paid was $2,000, of which $50 was contributed in England. While in Wilmington, Mr. Crawford was obliged to keep concealed, but accomplished his purpose, and brought the ransomed slave, who is about twenty-one years old, back with him.

PERTINENT REFLECTION.—The assault of Mr. Keitt on Mr. Grow, and its consequences, seem to have attracted unusual attention from journals of all classes in Europe. The *Swansea and Glamorgan Herald*, a paper in Wales, which is now before us, has a long article, with all the details of this incident, which winds off as follows:

"If we may be allowed to attach a dull reflection to so spicy a story, it is—*This comes of nigger-driving.*"

LADIES CARRYING PISTOLS.—The New Orleans (La.) *True Delta* says there is a movement going on in that city having for its object the introduction of the custom of ladies carrying firearms—small pistols, such as are known as vest pocket pistols, and which can be stowed, without incumbrance, in the pocket of the fair shooter's dress, in order to protect themselves from ruffian violence and insult. Society must be in a sad state in New Orleans, if this statement is true.

UNION-SAVERS.—As a specimen of the intelligence of the friends of the Administration and the champions of the Union and Lecompton, we print the following:

"Sir I herein inclose, a Few lines to inform you that I wish you to Discontinue my paper with you. For as such a paper Dose not agree with my sentements on goverementie affairs; I are a Believer in our administrashnel government, and therefore I are apposed to such a paper that gose to Brak the unoun.

"Yours With Respect.

"Warren County, N. J."—*Independent.*

DISUNION.—Before the New Orleans *Delta* calls for immediate dissolution, it should inquire how many armories we have in the South; what is the number of swords, pistols, rifles, muskets and cannon fit for use in the Southern States; how many powder mills there are south of the Potomac, &c.? Disunion will produce revolution, and arms are as necessary for the defence of the Southern chivalry as for any other warriors. If we are prepared, we fear no foe; but before we engage in a battle we should see if we have the necessary means for carrying on the war.—*Norfolk Argus, March* 12.

AN ENTHUSIAST IN RELIGION.—Sarah E. Maner, a well-dressed, athletic coloured woman, of rather light complexion, who is evidently possessed of some refinement, interrupted the proceedings of the Assembly yesterday afternoon by her presence and outcries. She boldly, and in a boisterous tone of voice, pronounced the entire Legislature an immoral, irreligious, God-forsaken set, that stood more in need of divine grace than any other class of persons living. With the aid of Gov. King, she declared that she could reform, regulate and make them lovers of God instead of lovers of mammon.—*Albany Evening Journal, 16th ult.*

A FOX HUNT.—The Lowell *Courier* gives an amusing account of a fox hunt, not in the manly style, in which exercise and excitement give an excuse for the sport, but by driving the animal into a culvert and then digging him out with a hay fork, a large company being present and participating in the fun. The fox, after immense exertions and great delay, was driven out and proved to be a large tom cat. To us the spectacle of a large company of intelligent men engaged in the attempt to take from one poor animal the life that God gave it, is so melancholy and degrading that it quite overcomes the ludicrous aspect of it.—*Providence Journal.*

The New Orleans *Delta* reiterates the statement published some days since in its columns, that African slaves had been lately imported into Mississippi—a statement which some Northern papers have been inclined to regard as a hoax. It adds, further, that the authorities at Washington are not quite so skeptical as their organs, having actually despatched a steamer to the coast of Mississippi with orders to institute inquiries, and to stop the landing of any more cargoes. As to those already landed, *The Delta* thinks there can be little trouble in obtaining "visible testimony" as to the truth of its statement.

NEW NEGRO LAW IN LOUISIANA.—A law has been enacted by the Legislature of Louisiana providing that any free negro coming into that State shall be seized, and, after ten days' notice, sold into slavery, half the proceeds to go to the State, the other half to the complainant. The only exception is in favour of negroes actually employed on *foreign* vessels. A distinction is made against our own trade and our own people, and in favour of *foreigners.* This, we presume, is one of the fruits of the Dred Scott decision, which, it is claimed, takes from the negroes, although voters and capable of holding office, their right of citizenship. Compared with such an atrocious law as this, the African slave trade is a mild form of wickedness.—*Providence Journal.*

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF PRISONERS.—The twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania (transmitted to the Legislature one year ago), makes the following exhibit of the religion of the prisoners in that institution, as declared by themselves:

Israelite, 1; Universalist, 1; Ranter, 1; Mennonist, 1; United Brethren, 2; Dutch Reformed, 2; French Protestant, 2; Disciple, 2; Christian, 4; Friends, 6; Baptist, 12; German Reformed, 14, Episcopalian, 21; Presbyterian, 50; German Lutheran, 65; Roman Catholic, 90; Methodist, 110.

COLONIZATION.—An act of the Maryland Legislature, passed at its late session, appropriates five thousand dollars per year, for the space of four years, to the Managers of the Maryland Colonization Society for the general purposes of said Society. It also authorizes the Comptroller to pay seventy dollars for each emancipated slave or free negro, male or female, above the age of ten years, sent by said society to Africa, and thirty-five dollars for each negro, &c., under ten years of age; to be paid, if sent by said Society to Africa, within two months immediately preceding the date of a written certificate of the fact from the Board of Managers, which must be filed with the Comptroller. The payments made *per capita* are not to exceed an additional sum of five thousand dollars per annum, appropriated by the act for four years.

A slave boy, 11 years old, was killed by his master, Francis Reueche, in New Orleans, last week. Reueche was arrested and held to answer. Witnesses proved that the boy had been ill-treated since October last. His master was in the habit of beating and kicking him in the most violent manner, and had on several occasions tied a handkerchief over his mouth, to prevent his screams from being heard in the street. About fifteen days ago, witness saw Reueche beating the boy violently over the head with an iron instrument, which he believes was a pair of shoemaker's pincers. At that time, the boy appeared to be sickly, and wounded in his legs.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—A recent and most valuable discovery is about to be exhibited here, under circumstances which cannot fail to give it interest and wide celebrity. It is one through which gas-burners may be lighted by electricity. The discoverer, whose name has escaped me, states that he can attach his apparatus to the street-lamps of an entire city, and then, by the turn of a screw, ignite the jets of all of them in an instant of time, and extinguish them by the same process. Of course the same thing can be done with the lights of a public building; or the apparatus can be so arranged that (in a hotel, for instance), matches may be dispensed with, and any single burner, or any given number of them, may be lighted at will by electricity. Arrangements are making to test the invention here immediately.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

A HARD STORY OF THE FEDERAL CITY.—The editor of the Chicago *Times* recently made a visit to Washington, and on his return published an account of his observations. The picture he limns is by no means attractive. All things in Washington are said by this editor to be overshadowed and made to yield to Lecompton. He represents that a defaulter was recently there, and the alternative was offered him of five years in the penitentiary, under the Sub-Treasury law, for taking public money, or an office and a declaration in behalf of Lecompton. He, of course, chose the office, was shielded from the just retribution of crime, and, instead of being sent to prison, was not only set at large, but rewarded by lucrative official position and one of honour. The greatest men at Washington, remarks this writer, are "some thirty members of Congress whose sole aim is the dissolution of the Union."

A SLAVE MARRIAGE.—The *Crescent* (New Orleans) prints a private letter from a lady in Memphis to her sister in New Orleans, giving an account of the marriage of a pair of favourite slaves, which letter the *Crescent* commends "to the careful perusal of its Northern friends, who are so much interested in the 'wretched' slaves." There was, of course, a good show of dry goods and ivory, which the reader can imagine, and then follows this passage:

"About 10 o'clock the Rev. Mr. Collins came in, and they soon followed. First, Lewis and Caroline Lawrence, with two bridesmaids and groomsmen, took their places, and Mr. C. performed the services beautifully—the whole service of the Methodist Church (very much like our service), but it made me very sad indeed when, instead of the words 'until death do part ye,' he used the words, 'unless you are unavoidably separated.'"

BURIED ALIVE — A DISTRESSING CASE.—A letter dated Holland, Erie County, Pa., March 15, says:

A very afflictive dispensation of Providence has taken place within twenty miles of this place. A Presbyterian minister, named Reed, was going to attend a meeting of the Presbytery. He stopped overnight with another minister at a private house. Mr. Reed was taken with a fit in the night, and it was supposed he had died. The other minister, being in a hurry to get to the meeting in season, had him buried the next day. On his return from meeting, he left word at Oxford that their minister was dead and buried. His friends went immediately to get his remains and bring them to Oxford, when, to their great sorrow, they discovered that he had been buried alive. The cover of the coffin was split, and his shroud was completely torn off and he turned nearly on his face. He was a bachelor, and a very worthy man. His dreadful death is much lamented.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN LOUISIANA. — *New Orleans, March* 7, 1858.—I have not the slightest doubt that the project for reopening the slave trade is a serious and a wide-spread movement. I have good reason for supposing that millions are interested in it. Our newspapers are all out against it, except J. C. Jenkins, in the *Delta*, and he advocated it a year ago as the only means of saving the South from Northern progress. The Legislature has actually adopted the bill, and you need not be surprised if it becomes a law. I hear that Governor Wickliffe is not opposed to it.

I am almost ashamed to write you seriously on such a subject, but truth compels me to go further. I fear that more than one Southern member at Washington favours this inhuman and horrible enterprise. Indeed, I know that more than one of them thinks that it is practicable.—*Phil. Press.*

SENATORIAL COURTESY.—Mr. Green, of Missouri, seems to be determined to introduce Border ruffian manners into the debates of the United States Senate. On one occasion he said openly to another Senator, "You are a liar." But here is a little passage between him and Mr. Seward:

"The Vice-President—The Senator from Missouri has stated his point of order. The Chair will hear the suggestion of the Senator from New York.

"Mr. Green (to Mr. Seward)—Make your suggestion.

"Mr. Seward—I wish to know whether I must make my suggestions under the perm

Miscellaneous Department.

MY FIFTIETH BIRTH-DAY.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I used to think, when I, a child,
Played with the pebbles on the shore
Of the clear river, rippling wild,
That rolled before my father's door,
How long, how very long 'twould be
Ere I could live out fifty years;
To think of it oft checked my glee,
And filled my childish heart with fears.

I looked at grandma as she sat,
Her forehead decked with silvery rime,
And thought, "When I'm as old as that,
Must I darn stockings all the time?
Must I sit in an arm-chair so,
A white frilled cap around my face,
With dull drab strings, and ne'er a bow,
And keep things always in their place?"

The lines of care, the sigh of pain,
The "Hush!" her lips so oft let fall,
Made me wish, o'er and o'er again,
I never might grow old at all.
Yet she was ever cheerful, and
Would oft times join our sport and mirth;
And many a play by her was planned
Around the winter evening hearth.

But then she played not by the brook,
She did not gather pretty flowers,
She did not sing with merry look,
Nor make a spring-time of the hours.
So, when she said, one sunny morn,
"You will be old, like me, some day,"
I wept like one of hope forlorn,
And threw my playthings all away.

Be old! like grandma, and not roam
The glen in spring, for violets blue,
Or bring the bright May blossoms home,
Or pick the strawberries 'mong the dew!
Be old! and in the summer time
Take weary naps in mid-day hours,
And fail the Chandler trees to climb,
And shake the ripening fruit in showers!

Be old! and have no nutting-bees
Upon the hillside, rustling brown,
Or hang upon the vine-clad trees,
And shout the rich ripe clusters down!
Be old! and sit round wintry fires!
Be fifty! have no sliding-spree!
And hush away all wild desires!
I thought 'twere better not to be.

But two score years have glided by,
With summer's heat and winter's cold,
With sunny hours and clouded sky,
Till now I'm fifty—now I'm old.
The sun-burnt locks are silvery now,
That used to dangle in the wind;
And eyes are dim, and feet move slow,
That left my playmates all behind.

Spectacles lie upon my nose,
But no white frill looks prim and cold;
My gray hair curls—I wear pink bows—
I do not feel so very old.
To play among the peebles I
Would love, on that familiar shore,
Where once I watched the swallows fly
The dancing, rippling waters o'er.

I'd like to climb the apple tree,
Where once the spicy sweetening grew,
Make grape-vine swings, and have a glee;
But I am *fifty*—'twouldn't do.
I'd like to go a nutting now,
And gather violets in the glen—
And wreathe the wild flowers round my brow,
As well as e'er I did at ten.

I'd like to slide upon the pond,
To watch the old mill struggling there
In icy chains, while all beyond
Was one broad mirror, cold and glare.
I'd like to see the noisy school,
Let out a-nooning, as of old,
Play "Lost my glove," and "Mind the rule";
My heart throbs quick—it is not cold.

I hear the cry of Kate and Jane,
Of Lottie, Lina, Helen, Sue—
Ah, yes! (I'll own it) in between
Come George, and Dan, and William, too.
I'm fifty, but I am not sad;
I see no gloom in ripening years;
My hopes are bright, my spirit glad—
How vain were all my childish fears!

My childish sports, I loved them then;
I love to think them over still;
To shut my eyes, and dream again
Of silvery stream and woodland hill.
But life has pleasures holier still
Than childhood's play, with all its zest,
That, as we journey down the hill,
Make each succeeding year the best.

Now stalwart men are at my hearth,
And "bonnie lasses" laughing free,
That had not lived on this good earth,
To love and labour, but for me;
And shall I pine for childhood's joys,
For woodland walks and violets blue,
While round me merry girls and boys
Are doing what I used to do?

My days of toil, my years of care,
Have never chilled my spirits' flow,
Or made one flower of life less fair
Than in the spring-time, long ago.
The paths I've trod were sometimes rough,
And sharp and piercing to my feet;
Yet there were dasied walks enough
To make it all seem smooth and sweet.

Friends that I loved have passed from sight
Before me to the spirit home;
But in the day that knows no night,
I know they'll greet me when I come.
Hopes that I've cherished, too, were vain;
But I have lived to feel and know
That were life to live o'er again,
'Twere better that it should be so.

At every winding of the way,
I've sought for love, and love have given;
For love can cheer the darkest day,
And make the poorest home a heaven.

O! ye who're are passing down, like me,
Life's autumn side, be brave and strong,
And teach the lispers at your knee
That fifty years is not *so long;*
That if they would be ever young
And free from dolorous pain and care,
The life-harp must be ever strung
With love of duty, everywhere.

As violins in foreign lands,
Broken and shattered o'er and o'er,
When mended and in skilful hands,
Make sweeter music than before,
So, oft the heart, by sorrow torn,
Gives forth a loftier, clearer song
Than that which greeted us at morn,
When it was new, and brave, and strong.

Father, I thank thee for them all,
These fifty years which now are passed;
Oh! guide me, guard me, till the fall
Of Grace, my form shall hide at last.
Let me in love and kindness still
Live on, nor e'er grow hard and cold;
Bend me and break me to thy will,
But may my spirit ne'er grow old!

—*Missouri Democrat.*

CONTEST WITH A SIBERIAN BEAR.

[The following narrative, taken from Atkinson's *Oriental and Western Siberia*, shows the courage of man, and the affection of an animal for her little ones.]

Our track led through a part of the forest where an incident occurred to a Cossack officer that I cannot refrain from repeating. One afternoon he was quietly strolling through the forest, alone and unarmed, botanizing by the way, when, at a distance of about eight versts (five miles) from the gold mine, he came out of the forest into an open glade on which stood some single trees. Almost immediately on entering this spot, he observed, at a distance of two hundred paces, a she-bear and her two cubs playing together. The moment she became aware of his presence, she uttered a savage growl, drove her young ones into a tree for shelter, and mounted guard at the foot of it to defend them.

The Cossack retreated into the wood to provide himself with a weapon, having determined to carry off the cubs. The woodman had been cutting timber, and from the stems of several young birch-trees lying on the ground he selected part of a strong one, near four feet in length, and then, club in hand, retraced his steps. As soon as the old bear observed his approach, she began to growl furiously, moving to and fro at the foot of the tree. He slowly advanced. When within about an hundred paces her growl became more savage, and her actions showed that she intended mischief. Nevertheless, he quietly moved on, his keen eye steadfastly fixed upon her. When within about fifty paces, she made a savage rush—but he firmly stood his ground, waiting her near approach. At this moment the cubs began to whine, and she trotted back to the tree again in increased fury; the Cossack followed; and when she turned round, they were standing face to face, within twenty paces of each other. There was now no retreat. The brute eyed him keenly for two or three minutes, as if calculating his strength, he returning her gaze with as searching a scrutiny. Presently she made a second rush, her eyes glaring like balls of fire. At a few paces from her enemy she rose on her hind legs, intending to give him a settler with her powerful paws or to clasp him in her savage embrace; but on the instant he made a sweep with his club, and dealt a blow that toppled her over. She was up again in a second and ready for action, but another blow laid her prostrate. This added to her ferocity. Many rounds were fought, her antagonist keeping clear of her paws. At last the blows began to tell on her courage. She endeavoured to get behind him, but his cudgel met her at every turn. The blows fell so fast that at last she began to retreat toward the forest; but the moment her assailant moved a step toward the tree, she would rush out, taking especial care not to come within his reach.

The cubs remained in the branches. At this time a woodman returning to the gold mine rode into the glade. He was instantly hailed, and rode toward the tree. He was ordered to dismount, and take from his saddle the large leathern bags and open them, then to climb the tree and bring down the cubs. The man was soon up among the branches, secured a cub, brought it down, and tied it safe in the bag; the other was also quickly secured in the same way.

During these operations the mother rushed at the Cossack, and was several times knocked down. After a walk of nearly two hours they reached the village, when the bear returned to the forest, and was never seen again.

ABOLITION OF SERFDOM IN RUSSIA.

From The Friends' Review.

This great work, commenced by Alexander I., promises to find its consummation under the reign of his nephew, Alexander II. Our Summary of News has given several statements, showing the acts of the Emperor and the co-operation of the Nobles in many districts, to effect the proposed change in the condition of the serfs. While that condition is, to a certain extent, one of restriction and oppression, it is so far removed from the position of an American slave as to be rather an object of contrast than of comparison; and hence, there is much truth in the remark that the abolition of Serfdom is a subject of less interest to the philanthropist than is usually supposed. In proportion as the serf is subjected to compulsory labour and to the payment of an *obrok* out of his earnings, his case comes within the scope of Christian morality, and demands the attention of the statesman and political economist. But most of the terrible characteristics of American slavery do not belong to serfdom. When, therefore, we find a Russian nobleman, in contemplation of the movement for the abolition of serfdom, exclaiming, "We breathe more like Christians; our hearts beat more nobly, and we may look at the light of heaven with a clearer eye," we can imagine with what feelings of horror he would regard the existence in Russia of such a system as that of slavery and the slave trade in America.

As this subject is now of general interest, a brief notice of the nature and extent of serfdom in Russia will probably be acceptable to some of our readers. The system appears to have originated about 250 years ago, when Russia was beginning to emerge from a state of barbarism, and it was established for the purpose of restraining the wandering habits of the people, who, like the Arabs of the present time, were constantly changing their localities. It was enacted by an Imperial ukase that every peasant should settle permanently on the land which he had cultivated on a certain previous day. The peasantry thus became assigned to the soil; and as the estates could not be separated from them, so they were secured in their occupancy of the land. The lords of the soil, however, gradually extorted from them compulsory labour, and eventually deprived them of their vested interest in the land they cultivated.

"One of the features of serfdom peculiar to Russia, and which forms the tenure of the larger part of the land in that country," says the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, "is of a very communistic nature; a whole village, or other community, occupies a certain tract of land, from which the whole number of male peasants pays a fixed poll-tax to the lord of the manor—the entire body offering an aggregate liability for the shortcomings of any individual member. The community among themselves divide the whole area of the land out into homesteads, according to the number of adult males or married couples among them. Each such homestead occupied by a man and his wife, and children, if they have them, is called a *tiaglo*, and this one family cultivates the whole of the *tiaglo*, or as much of it as they can, until the increase of married couples in the community renders it necessary for the number of *tiaglos* to be increased also, which is done by dividing or diminishing the existing homesteads. As the land is, as a matter of course, of various excellence in the different parts of the estate, the various families are shifted about, in compliance with communistic fairness, to all the different homesteads, so that each cultivates the good, bad and indifferent land turn and turn about. Although this occupation of the land is about the most disadvantageous arrangement that can be conceived, in an economical point of view, and is perfectly destructive of any feeling of property or home, it is strictly in harmony with the instincts of a nomad tribe, and insures to each of its members at least an existence on a footing of perfect equality with his fellows. When, in the course of time, as many hands have been assigned to agricultural labour as the land requires, and there still remains a surplus of employable population in the serf-village, certain of its members turn their attention to different handicrafts; but in all cases work for the commonwealth, which assures them in return their existence in, and a provision for, their old age. Where large amounts of work require to be contracted for, the whole community, as represented by its Golowa, or chief, joins in security for the completion of the work, or the fulfilment of the various conditions attached to it. Although it frequently happens that under this arrangement, and favoured by auspicious circumstances, such as good harvests and an equitable owner, &c., these communities accumulate wealth, chiefly in the surplus agricultural produce, not only are their individual members all kept down to the average degree of poverty of the whole number, but their accumulated wealth remains unavailable for the purposes of further economical improvement. In the interest of the State, therefore, this feature of serfdom, as the most injurious to the economical development of the country, calls most urgently for abolition.

"Another feature of serfdom in Russia is the so-called *Obrok* system. This obtains in cases where domains, formerly large, and with a large number of serfs allocated on them, have in the course of time been so split up and sub-divided by sale or inheritances that small portions of them are to be found, on which ten, five, or even only three serfs are inscribed. These plots of land being too small, and the number of serfs being too few to admit of agriculture being carried on there profitably, the owner either lets out his serfs for hire to other proprietors or gives them his permission to follow any handicraft they may have learnt, and exercise any talent they may possess, on payment to him of an *obrok*, or poll-tax. In this case, the owner generally builds a dwelling-house on the land that the serfs ought to have tilled, and lives on the *obrok* they pay him out of the earnings they make elsewhere.

"These two classes constitute the whole number of actual serfs in Russia, which amount to about 12,000,000; but it is usual, though not strictly correct, to include among the serfs the six classes of peasants also, amounting to an equal number.

"There are, first, about 40,000 peasants who enjoy the usufruct of the land on which they are inscribed, on condition of their supplying horses, vehicles and drivers, for the posting traffic; every twenty-eight males supply one vehicle, three horses and a driver: they receive a small money payment for the distance driven, and their land is free from any other obligation than the above. 2. There are about 120,000 peasants employed in the forests of the State, which supply timber for the fleet. They receive a small money allowance, in addition to the usufruct of the land they cultivate, and are free from all taxes or other obligations than that of labouring in the forests. This is evidently the "common soccage tenure" of the law-books. 3. There are also about 800,000 peasants attached to the different appanages or domains set aside for the support of the various members of the Imperial family. The peasants, however, who are the best off in Russia, are, 4, those on the Crown domains, in number about 9,000,000. They are not *glebæ adscripti*, and they are at liberty to leave their domicil and acquire personal property in the prosecution of trades and professions. The greater number of them, however, are distributed in the villages and the joint-stock communes, such as are described above. 5. There are also peasants who have been liberated from serfdom by their owners, to the number of about 1,400,000; these are free from all forced labour, or *obrok*, but are still liable to be taken as recruits, like all other peasants; they can even possess serfs attached to any property they become possessed of. There is still further, 6th, a class of free peasants who have never been serfs, numbering about 225,000 males. Their position, however, is in reality not nearly so free as that of the liberated serfs, unless they have had a portion of land settled on them by the lord of the manor, or have themselves acquired some landed property."

A GLIMPSE OF SHELLEY.

[From Trelawny's "Recollections of Shelley and Byron." In press by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.]

It was the Tre Palazzi, on the Lung 'Arno, at Pisa, that Mr. Trelawny first saw Shelley.

On first visiting the dwelling of the poet, Mr. Trelawny was received by Mrs. Williams, the wife of the gentleman who was drowned with Shelley. It was dusk, and, looking through the open door of the room, the visitor saw a pair of glittering eyes steadily fixed on his own. Going to the door, Mrs. Williams said, laughingly, "Come in, Shelley; it is only our friend Tre, just arrived." Instantly afterwards the poet glided in, "blushing like a girl," and holding out both his hands. He had the appearance of a tall, thin stripling, and was habited like a boy, in a black jacket and trousers, which he seemed to have outgrown." He had a book with him, and Mrs. Williams asked what it was. He answered quickly, and with a brightening face, "Calderon's *Magico Prodigioso;* I am translating some passages in it." Being asked to read a few of them, he, instead of doing so, made an extempore rendering of various parts, turning the one language into the other with marvellous ease and rapidity, analyzing the genius of the author with subtle power, and interpreting those portions of the story which he did not read. Abruptly ceasing, he suddenly vanished; for Mr. Trelawny, looking up from the rapt abstraction into which he had been thrown, found that the enchanter was no longer in his presence. "Where is he?" he asked. Mrs. Williams rejoined, "Who? Shelley? Oh, he comes and goes like a spirit, no one knows when or where." Presently, he returned with his wife, who asked eagerly for the last fashionable news from London and Paris. Mrs. Shelley, indeed, though a woman of faculty, and of a sensitive nature, loved society as much as her husband abhorred it; and this diversity of taste was sometimes embarrassing to both. Shelley, as Mr. Trelawny relates, said one day, with a rueful expression of face, "Mary" (his wife) "has threatened me." He was asked, in some surprise, "With what?" "Mary says she will have a party," he replied. "Oh, the horror! It will kill me!" Mr. Willams undertook to obtain, if possible, a reversal of this sentence; but he could only procure a commutation. The party was simply to include old friends, instead of strangers, as first of all proposed. One morning, Mr. Trelawny discovered the poet in a dreamy trance beside a dark pool of water in the heart of a black pine forest. He was told that his wife had been looking about for him disconsolately, unable to bear her solitude any longer. On this, he hastily snatched up his books and papers and departed, exclaiming, with a sigh, "Poor Mary! hers is a sad fate. She can't bear solitude, nor I society—the quick coupled with the dead!" They soon met with the lady, "her clear gray eyes and thoughtful brow expressing the love she could not speak. To stop Shelley's self-reproaches, or to hide her own emotions, she began, in a bantering tone, chiding and coaxing him."

For some few months, Mr. Trelawny was in constant intercourse with Shelley, and he has given a delightful picture of the poet's character and habits—his sweet, self-sacrificing disposition, his purity, his tendency to believe in whatever is exalted and ennobling, his devotion to study, his wild outbursts of spirits, alternating with deep despondency, his shyness with strangers, his childlike contentment with simple pleasures; his light, seraphic movements and inspired face, and his passionate love of the water, and the trees, and the flowers, and the mountains, and the glorious shows and changes of the elements in the bright country of his adoption. The building of the boat Don Juan ("that fatal and perfidious bark" in which, like another Lycidas, he perished) was a source of keen delight to him; but, unfortunately, the vessel was constructed on a model which Mr. Williams had taken a fancy to, but of which better judges did not think so highly. Some English sailors who went out in her for a trial reported "that she was a ticklish boat to manage"; perhaps, had she been less so, Shelley might still have been alive.

THE WORLD'S AGE.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
Flash, and will flash to the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken,
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of Hell.

Still the race of Hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand:
Age from age the Words inherits—
"Wife, and Child, and Fatherland."
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the ages' gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

AN OCEAN OF MONEY.

The poets have so long accustomed us to speak of the *silvery* sea and the *silver*-crested wave that such expressions are commonly employed by modern writers of elegance as necessary civilities to which Old Ocean is entitled. It may be, however, that although many have gazed with admiration on the moonbeams gliding over the rippling surface of the sea, or have watched with interest the wild waves dash into whitened spray on the rocky shore, few are aware that when we speak of the silvery waters we do not merely use a pleasing and complimentary figure of speech, but we state likewise a scientific fact. Recent investigations show this to be the case; for the waters of the sea hold silver in solution.

That the waters of the ocean contain a notable quantity of silver was first shown by three continental chemists,* who were led to the investigation by theoretical considerations. A considerable quantity of sea-water was taken from off the coast of St. Malo, a few leagues from land, and formed the *matériel* for an extensive series of experiments, the results of which were as follows: Fifty litres of the sea-water yielded a demi-milligramme of silver; so that, in round numbers, 100 kilogrammes of water contain 1 milligramme of silver. The proportion of silver in sea-water is approximately 1 part in 100,000,000; a cubic mile (English) of sea-water contains, therefore, about 2 3-4 pounds avoirdupois of silver. This estimate may be regarded as a minimum, the experiments being necessarily attended with some loss.

The total quantity of silver contained in the waters of the ocean is estimated (from known data) at two million tons.

The question naturally arises—Whence came all this silver? Has it been carried into the ocean by rivers in recent times, and derived from the waste of that which is used by man? or is its existence therein of more ancient date? That the former supposition is not the case will appear when we reflect that the amount stated (2,000,000 tons) is probably greater than that which has even been extracted from the earth by artificial means. The chemists also arrived at the same result from special investigation; they examined rock-salt occurring in sedimentary strata, and deposited from ancient salt-lakes or marine basins; and here the existence of silver was demonstrated. We might object that the silver might have been introduced into the salt from neighbouring rocks; but it appears probable, irrespective of the fact stated, that the presence of the metal in sea-water *is* of ancient date.

Silver also occurs in coal. The existence of silver has likewise been shown in various chemical products; in the preparation of which sea-salt is employed; for example, in carbonate of soda and hydrochloric acid. But one of the most interesting results obtained is that silver forms a not unimportant constituent of animals, and especially of plants. The blood of the ox yielded silver—derived, no doubt, from the plants on which it feeds. The metal was found appreciably abundant in the ashes of the wood of various trees, such as the oak, birch, beech, hornbeam, aspen, apple and ash—all grown at considerable distances from the sea; so that the presence of silver in the organic kingdom appears to result from its very general distribution in the mineral kingdom; and is, therefore, not limited to certain special conditions.

Sea-weeds contain a very large proportion of silver, much larger than the sea-water itself. Some of the more common kinds were experimented upon, such as the large fuci, or brown weeds, so abundant around all our coasts, within tide-mark; and the ashes of all yielded buttons of silver by cupellation. *Fucus serratus*, which is so abundant on the Portobello sands, yielded silver in the proportion of a thousandth part of the total weight of ashes. *F. ceranoides*, also a common species in Britain, gave an equal proportion of the precious metal. From these calculations, it would seem that the fuci are about twenty-six times as rich in silver as sea-water itself. Of course, the silver contained in sea-weeds has been derived by them from the water in which they grew; for they have no proper roots, and, therefore, no great power, like land-plants, of absorbing food from the rocks and soil to which they are attached.

Although the gross quantity of silver in the sea is enormous, yet the proportion which the metal bears to the water is so small in amount that we cannot reasonably hope that the extraction of silver from sea-water will ever become a profitable operation; it is, indeed, scarcely probable that even the sea-weeds, which contain a more notable proportion, will ever be made available as a source of this metal, although recent improvements in the purifying of lead show how a very minute quantity of silver in admixture with lead may be made to pay profitably for its extraction. But one discovery leads to another, and the present one has led to at least one practical result; which is brought out in a paper by Mr. Frederick Field, lately read by Professor Faraday to the Royal Society of London.

Mr. Field observes: "As a solution of chloride of silver in chloride of sodium is instantly decomposed by metallic copper, chloride of copper being formed, and silver precipitated, it appeared to me highly probable that the copper and the 'yellow metal' used in sheathing the hulls of vessels must, after long exposure to sea-water, contain more silver than they did before having been exposed to its action, by decomposing chloride of silver in their passage through the sea, and depositing the metal on their surfaces. A large vessel, the *Ana Guimaraens*, now under the Chilian flag, was hauled down in the Bay of Herradura, near Coquimbo, for the purpose of being repaired, and the captain obligingly furnished me with a few ounces of the yellow metal from the bottom of the vessel. The investigation was interesting, as the metal had been on for more than seven years—an unusually long period—and the ship had been trading up and down the Pacific all that time. The metal, upon examination, was found to be exceedingly brittle, and could be broken between the fingers with great ease." 5,000 grains, having been dissolved and analyzed, yielded 2.01 grains silver, or at the rate of 1 pound 1 ounce 2 pennyweights 15 grains troy per ton. "This very large quantity could hardly be supposed to have existed in the original metal, as the value of the silver would be well worth the extraction." Fresh yellow metal, with which the vessel was being repaired, yielded only 18 pennyweights to the ton. Specimens of Muntz's yellow metal from the cabin—where it was not exposed to the sea—yielded 19 pennyweights 14 grains to the ton, while specimens of the same which had been on the hull for three years gave 7 ounces 13 pennyweights 1 grain per ton, that which had been exposed to the sea having nearly eight times as much silver as the original sample.

The amount of silver in the specimens of the recent metal, being considerable, probably arises from the circumstances that, in many cases, new sheathing is made by melting down the old copper and re-rolling, so that the sheets may have derived their silver from the sea on a former occasion. The copper commonly used in the manufacture of yellow metal is very pure, containing 2 or 3 pennyweights of silver per ton, frequently not so much, and silver is very seldom associated with the other constituent, zinc.

In order to arrive at more certain experimental results, Mr. Field has granulated some very pure copper, reserving some in a glass-stoppered bottle, and suspending the remainder in a wooden box, perforated on all sides, a few feet under the surface of the Pacific Ocean. When occasion offers, the box is towed by a line at the stern of a vessel, which is trading up and down the coast of Chili. —*Chambers's Journal.*

*Malaguti, Durocher and Sarzeaud. See *Ann. Chem. Phys.* [3], xxviii, 129; also, *London Chemical Society's Journal*, iii. 68.

THE SPONGE.

The twilight monad, so minute that a thousand millions can be contained in a drop of water, consists of a tiny speck of pellucid matter, rounded in form, and supposed, from its movements and from analogy, to be furnished with a single *cilium*, by the lashing action of which it rows itself through the water." As these *cilia* belong to all the lower class of animals, and are the source of all their voluntary movements, we copy the description of them:

"The form of these essential organs is that of slender tapering hairs, commonly arranged in rows, resembling the eyelashes, whence their name. The base of each hair is attached to the surface of the body to which it belongs, its whole length beside being free. During life each *cilium* maintains a uniform motion of a waving or lashing kind, bending down in one direction and then straightening itself again. This movement is not performed by all the *cilia* together or in unison, but in rapid succession: for example, the instant after one has begun to bend, the next begins, then the next, and so on; so that before the first has resumed its erect condition, perhaps half a dozen of its successors are in different degrees of flexture. This sort of motion will be better understood by referring to that beautiful and familiar spectacle, the waves produced by the breeze upon a field of wheat. The motion is exactly the same in both cases. The wind, as it sweeps along, bends each stalk in turn, and each in turn reassumes its erect posture; thus the wave runs steadily on, though the stalks of wheat never remove from their place. The appearance of the ciliary wave, when viewed under favourable circumstances with a good microscope, is so exquisitely charming that even those who have been long familiar with it can scarcely ever behold it without admiration."

Besides serving as instruments of locomotion, by acting as paddles to row the animal rapidly along, these *cilia*, by their vigorous vibration, form currents in the water, which bring to the entrance of the stomach whatever articles of matter suitable for food there may be floating about. It was by the discovery of such *cilia*, capable of spontaneous movement, that the sponges, so long supposed to be of vegetable origin, were transferred to the animal kingdom.

"Many of our readers are probably cognizant of only one kind of sponge—the soft, plump, woolly, pale-brown article, so indispensable in our dressing-rooms; or, at the most, two, if they chance to have noticed the large-pored, coarser sort, with which grooms wash carriages. It may surprise such persons to be informed that the streams and shores of the British Isles produce sixty or seventy distinct species of sponge; and that every coast, especially in the tropical seas, where they are very numerous and varied, has species peculiar to itself.

"A sponge, as it is used in domestic economy, is merely a skeleton; it is the solid fame-work which in life supported the softer flesh. This skeleton is composed of one or two of the following substances: flint, lime, and a peculiar horny matter. The first two are crystallized, and take the appearance of spicular needles, either simple or compound, varying greatly as to their length, thickness, shape and curvature, but constant in form in the same species. The horny matter, of which the common domestic sponge affords an example, is arranged in slender, elastic, translucent, tough, solid fibres, united to each other irregularly at various points, and in every direction, and thus forming an open netted mass commensurate with the size of the whole sponge. The solid parts are, during life, invested with a glary, transparent slime, so fluid in most species as to run off when the sponge is taken out of its native element: yet this clear slime is the flesh of the animal.

"The spicula, whether of flint or lime, or the horny fibres, are so arranged as to form numberless pores, with which the whole animal is perforated: it is to these that our common sponge owes its most valuable property of imbibing and retaining water. In life the surrounding water is made to flow through these pores by a continual current (interrupted, however, at the will of the animal), from without into the interior of the body. But whither goes this current? The pores lead into large channels, which also run through the body, like the drains from individual houses which run into the main sewers; and these open on the exterior of the body by more or less conspicuous orifices, called *oscula*, or mouths. From these latter the effete water is poured in forcible streams, and thus a circulating current is maintained.

"This is a very different process from the absorption of water by capillary attraction. The one is mechanical, the other a vital operation. The latter is performed only during life and health, and contributes to the nourishment of the animal; the former goes on after death, and is of no benefit to the sponge, though very useful to its possessors. The one may be compared to that indiscriminate devouring of books which we sometimes see in great readers—a voracity insatiable, indeed, but which leaves the mind as empty as before; the other to that guarded selected reading which ever watches to extract mental food, separating and rejecting, by a secret but potent alchemy, the useless and the bad."

Another substance familiar to us, but often misunderstood, is the coral, which, like the sponge, is, as we see it, a skeleton; the animal—not an insect—consisting during life of a film of gelatinous flesh investing it entirely, and "so tightly stretched as to be reduced to an invisible tenuity."

But to return to the sponges. These skeletons, not at the feast, but at the toilet, afford a means of subsistence to many persons in the Mediterranean islands; and they get a living far from contemptible, as "their goods are always wanted by the Turks, who use an incredible number of sponges at their bathings and washings." In the island of Himia, a girl is not permitted by her relations to marry before she has brought up a certain quantity of sponges, and before she can give a proof of her agility by taking them from a certain depth. In another island, it is the custom for the father of a marriageable daughter to bestow her on the best diver among her suitors. "He that can stay longest in the water, and gather the most sponges, marries the maid."

At certain seasons of the year, within the channel of the living sponge, innumerable yellow granules are to be seen imbedded in the gelatinous flesh. These gradually increase in size, until at length one by one becomes freed, and is immediately hurried along to the nearest outlet, by the constant excurrent. This little oval gemmule is a young spongelet, which, unlike its parent, has the power of locomotion, being furnished with excessively minute *cilia*, by the aid of which it rows itself through the water at pleasure—a most wise arrangement for the distribution of the race in the still water under which they live, with no winds to waft them, like the seeds of vegetables, to distant places. When weary of wandering, the spongelet selects a suitable locality for settlement, spreads out an adhesive film of gelatinous matter, and soon develops all the structure and performs all the functions of its parent.—*Gosse.*

THE STREET-MUSICIAN.

Who is not acquainted with the chorus of trumpets, blowing brazen discord throughout our streets in every note of the gamut simultaneously? What Londoner is ignorant of the drone of the organ, grinding solemn parodies of Adeste Fideles, or the Old Hundredth; or exciting a wretched monkey in Highland costume to exhibit withered gambols for the behoof of a race of ragged pigmies, bent on mimicry, or lost in wonder; or to clash his cymbals with a horrible bathos in the face of the human automaton, who awakens his martial ardour by mechanically expressing Partant pour la Syrie, or the Marseillaise? Then there is the twanging harp, which comes at twilight, discoursing bold symphonies, quite innocent of theory, to plaintive vocal strains; and the pert flute extinguishing impossible operatic themes in a cataract of whimsical variations. On a wet and windy morning, you may reckon on encountering a tempest-tossed petticoat, screaming street ballads against wind and weather; and you must account yourself fortunate if the same afternoon you escape the ambush laid for you in the shape of a family fugue, alternating in startling violence from gruff, surly bass, to shrill, quavering treble, and winding up with a chorus of juveniles, whose only initiation into the mysteries of the *joyeuse science* has been the melody of a "cat's concert." In this age of competition and insincerity, no calling, however humble, has escaped the general contagion; and it is pleasant now-a-days to meet with even a street-musician too simple for suspicion, and too candid to impose. For even here, life scatters its true poetry; and now and then, a chord of real music, the music of nature and humanity, will startle us into a smile of pleasure, and give back to us the delight and the glory of faith.

It was Christmas-eve. A thick, heavy fog was shortening the brief light of the late December day, and muleting the pleasure-seekers of a full hour of their first holiday. The fog was as cold as snow, and not half so pleasant; and the passengers in the crowded thoroughfares, jostling one another as they hurried home to their good Yule-fires, scarcely bestowing a glance on the boughs of "Christmas" that flashed cheerily, red and green, among the doors and windows, under the early gaslight. Still less likely to detain them for an instant was the merry tinkle of a street-piano, hardly audible, indeed, among the roar and murmur of the Strand. Yet it was a *bonâ-fide* piano in its way, quite tunable, and with something innocent and bird-like in its notes, chasing one another with the headlong silvery haste of that fascinating toy, a musical-box. Its glories of rose and purple silk were shrouded for the moment in a covering of green baize, prepared by the careful artist against atmospherical emergencies—much to the dissatisfaction of certain youngsters who had followed, with laudable perseverance, from street to street, the merry cycle of tunes. The itinerant was a foreigner, still young, with nothing that could be called characteristic in his personal appearance, except the French sparkle in his eyes, the unmistakable *abandon* of his motions, and the watchful anxiety with which he regarded a very little child, who beat a tambourine at his feet. She was not more than three years old, a dancing creature with a bright, fair face, her yellow hair hanging into her saucy blue eyes, from beneath the shadow of a little hat, which, old and ragged as it was, set off her childish beauty gracefully enough. In that great rushing crowd they stood alone, the man and the child, the loud world hurrying by. "Bertha," he called her; and she laughed when he spoke: laughed to the passengers who stopped for a moment to drop half-pence into her baby drum, and shook out her pretty music in downright defiance of time and tune, for which it was all the prettier. The picture was suggestive, and it was easy to divine their case; for the peculiar guardian tenderness in the eyes of the man is an anomaly seldom observable except in brave dogs and the fathers of motherless children.

"Karl Rosen, a Switzer of one of the French cantons. His Bertha had died among the mountains yonder, and left the little one behind her. No, she was not much of a care, and a great deal of comfort. *C'était le bon Dieu.*" This was all. It was a simple tale enough, and their faces told it for them better than words. The child had feasted her eyes on the splendours of the toy-shops—all she was like to know of "Noël," poor little soul; she had danced in the joy of her innocent heart, and beaten proud "music" to her favourite tunes. But the day was drawing in very fast; the air grew more raw and chill; the street-lamps began to blink through the fog; little Bertha's feet were heavy and chill; was it mist that hung in her pretty blue eyes?

The street-musician looks at her, stops short in the very middle of his liveliest tune, shoulders his pole and his piano, lifts the little thing tenderly on one arm, while the other steals from her uncertain grasp the ponderous tambourine. She, with both her small hands clasped tight round his neck, and her cheek resting on his shoulder, forgets weariness, hunger, cold; her merry laugh rings out again, but quietly; and with snatches of prattle, and sighs of happiness, they trudge away into the cold, cloudy twilight, no unmeet parable of "peace and good-will"—sending up their unconscious amen to the tender glory of the Christmas chorus, already faintly rising, if we would but listen, in the deep heaven yonder, among the stars.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE LITTLE ONES IN BED.

A row of little faces by the bed—
A row of little hands upon the spread—
A row of little roguish eyes all closed—
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide
The little errors of the day to chide.

Then, tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads;
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night;
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

Horticulture in Palestine.—The pomegranate ripens its fruit in September, and is in great request in Palestine. The tree grows there about twenty feet high. In this month families lay by a store of the fruit for winter use. There are said to be three varieties—one very acid, one sweet, and one of medium flavour between the other two. The first is often substituted for vinegar. The others are eaten with sugar and with rose water, and used also in a dried state in cookery. The mulberry-tree is cultivated in great quantities in the district of Lebanon, and silk forms a considerable product of that region. The *Sorghum Saccharatum*, which is now occupying much of the attention of agriculturists in this country, has for ages been an important product of Syria, where it is known by the name of *Dourra;* and it is cultivated there for its grain, and not for the cane, nor materially for fodder. In Egypt the stalks and straw are used for the roofs of huts and cabins. A good white flour is made from the grain, and is baked in cakes. Millet and rice are grains that are used in considerable quantities in Palestine; but the latter is not raised in sufficient bulk to supply the native market. Lentiles and chick-pea—*cicer aritinum*—are consumed in large quantity as vegetables by the natives; lupins, also, are used in the same way. Indigo is indigenous in several parts of Syria, and it is cultivated to some extent; the quality of it being good, and much superior to that grown in Egypt. The valley of the Jordan seems to be the best locality for it. Madder, also, is a valuable plant, but seems not to be cultivated to any great extent. Of oil-producing plants, in addition to the olive, the castor-oil plant and the *sesamum orientale* are the principal ones. But the medical properties of the former appear to be unknown to the present inhabitants of the country; and it is simply for lamps and general purposes that the oil from it is used.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The Gurneys.—The Quaker Gurneys are among the few descendants that yet linger amongst us of the original Norman barons by tenure, constituting the first body of aristocracy under the Conquerer.—*Quarterly Review.*

——The Bronte Family.—It is now said that Patrick Bronté (the father of Charlotte, Emily and Anne), in early life, was himself an author. Two volumes of poems from his pen were published in 1811 and 1813. His name may be found in Colburn's Dictionary of Authors, 1816.

——A Lesson from Nature.—The velvet moss grows on the sterile rock; the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches; the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins, the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the vegetations of the preceding year, and, Heaven be praised! something beautiful to see and grateful to the soul will, in the darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.

——Decay of Families.—A Duchess de Saint Simon is a *femme de ménage* at Be'leville. The heir of the last Doge of Venice is a perfumer at Saint Denis. The keys of Tenice, gilt with care, confided to the hereditary keeping of the family, repose beneath a glass shade on the mantelpiece in his back shop. The Capital de Bue, a unique title, one of the noblest in France, is a little actor on little wages at the little theatre of Beaumarchais; and the grand daughter of a Duchess de Sai Severino works by the day at a fashionable milliner's. We may add to the above that the sole descendant of the beautiful Aissé, who was asked in marriage by the Prince de Condi, earns a pitiful living at Chaillott.—*Court Journal.*

——Fleetness of the Ostrich.—When the ostrich is feeding, his pace is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking, but not feeding, it is twenty-six inches; and when terrified, it is from eleven and a half to thirteen and even fourteen feet in length. Only in one case was I at all satisfied of being able to count the rate of speed by a stop-watch, and, if I am not mistaken, there were thirty in ten seconds; generally the eye can no more follow the legs than it can the spokes of